HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXIV.—No. 1736.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1890.

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PRINCE BISMARCK.—Sketched from Life by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 250, Supplement.]

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MR. GIBSON'S *articles, though addressed to young people, are attracting the attention of older readers, who recognize their charm of style and curious scientific interest, and appreciate the rare delicacy and finish of his drawings from nature.*

The illustrations in this number are by HOWARD PYLE, W. P. SNYDER, LYDIA F. EMMET, *and* ALICE BARBER.

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THE LODGE BILL.

THE advantage of long and thorough discussion of proposed public measures by the press is shown by the form in which the national election bill has been introduced in the House by Mr. LODGE, of Massachusetts. The admitted situation in many Congressional districts, especially in Southern States, the frank and unreserved declaration that a portion of the legal vote should be and certainly would be repressed in the interest of society itself, the distinct declaration of the successful party at the last Congressional election that this situation ought not to continue, the harmony of this declaration with the great Republican tradition of equal rights, and the specific Constitutional power of Congress in regard to Congressional elections in the States, made certain the preparation and presentation by the successful party of some scheme to deal with the situation. We have contended that there is no doubt of the Constitutional power of some kind of Congressional regulation. The essential question from the first has been one of expediency. Is there reasonable ground of confidence that the proposed legislation would accomplish more good than ill, or if the good result cannot be assured, is it nevertheless wise for the majority to show a desire for a result which it admits cannot be attained?

This desire is obviously no reason for legislation. But the demonstration may be useful for party purposes, and there is no doubt that this consideration has been borne in mind in the preparation of the bill. The bill itself is as mild a measure as could have been anticipated. It is framed in accordance with the Constitutional provision that Congress may at any time make or alter such regulations in regard to times, places, and manner of holding elections as the State Legislature may have prescribed. This is a plain grant of power to Congress to control the action of the State in such regulations, and it is inconsistent with the assumption that Congressional elections must be regarded as exclusively subject to State control. It is the proof that such was not the view of the Convention. This power the bill proposes to exercise in any Congressional district in the following manner: If five hundred voters petition the United States District Judge, he is to appoint two registers for each polling precinct, one from each of the two parties that polled the highest vote at the last Presidential election. They will make a list of voters, to be publicly completed and corrected at certain times, and closed ten days before the election. The Judge will also appoint two inspectors of election for each precinct to hold the election according to the registry. The votes will be cast in the manner provided by the SAXTON ballot reform bill, the marshal of the district will keep order, and the returns from each precinct will be made to the clerk of the court, and he and the Judge will canvass them, and transmit them to Congress. The provision of the bill which will excite most inquiry is that for illiterate voters. They will have the aid of the inspectors in marking their ballots, and any voter who discloses how he voted, or any person who tries to ascertain, will be punishable by fine.

The bill obviously gives to the Judges and the clerks of the court great power over the election. A partisan Judge might appoint pliable inspectors. But that is not more probable than that, if elected, they would be unscrupulous partisans. A Democratic Judge, for instance, in South Carolina or Mississippi, holding the views upon the subject of colored voting which are generally entertained by the whites in those States, might appoint a manageable Republican inspector, and the two inspectors in collusion could easily impose upon the illiterate voter the ticket that they preferred. The same thing is true of a Republican Judge. But it ought not to be assumed as probable in either case, for United States District Judges are generally men of high character and reputation. Mr. CARLISLE is reported as saying that the registration, reception, canvassing, and returns of votes are State rights, and cannot be assumed by Congress. But there can be no doubt of the intent of the Constitution to protect, if deemed necessary, the entire election. If this were not the intent the Constitution would have been silent. The words "times, places, and manner" are plainly designed to comprehend all details. At least the contrary must be very clearly shown. The statement that it is unprecedented, the uniform practice having been exclusive State control of elections, is true; but it might be answered by the statement that the situation is unprecedented, and if the practice has been uniform, it is because adequate reason for a change has not hitherto appeared. Opposition to the bill ought not to be placed upon Constitutional grounds. It is a question not of State right in the legal sense, but of national expediency.

DIVIDING THE PIE.

THE demoralizing effect of a surplus is shown by recent legislation in the House of Representatives, which in two days appropriated more than three millions of dollars for public buildings in various parts of the country. Nearly eighty bills have been reported, which, according to the average amount of those that have been passed, would make an aggregate appropriation for this purpose of more than fourteen millions of dollars. A little scrutiny shows the foolish waste of many of these grants. A member from Alabama asked and received an appropriation of $40,000 for a post-office in a town of less than 2500 inhabitants, where the postal receipts at "the small and poorly managed office now existing" were reduced by the establishment of branch offices. The House passed a bill giving $50,000 for a public building in a country town in Louisiana, with a population of 1800 persons. York, in Pennsylvania, a town of 21,000 inhabitants, would like $150,000, and the House Committee recommends $80,000 for a post-office building. The argument, according to a letter in the *Tribune*, is this, and its force can be readily appreciated:

> "In the public square of York, in history commonly called Yorktown, in a building known as the State-house, sat the Continental Congress during the gloomy years of 1777–78. It was there that the Articles of Confederation were completed and adopted by Congress. There the CONWAY cabal exploded; there LAFAYETTE came to support the Commander-in-Chief. These important historic events can be appropriately commemorated upon a public building at that city."

If this does not prove the wisdom of building a post-office costing $80,000 in a town of 21,000 people, what would?

Then there is the persuasive case of Camden, not in New Jersey, but in Arkansas. Camden, it appears, "promises to be a city of considerable importance, as well as a railroad centre." The future apparently smiles upon Camden, and Camden must be made ready. It is a place which is going to have a considerable population. At present, upon uncertain authority, it has less than 4000; but a House which is not mean grants $25,000 for a public building. Mr. CLUNIE, of California, asked $200,000 for San José. He said that it was in the Fifth District of the State, which is Mr. CLUNIE'S district, and has not a single public building, but has a population of nearly 200,000; of which, however, Mr. CANNON, of Illinois, remarked that two-thirds live in San Francisco, for which favored city millions of dollars have been granted by Congress for public buildings. The candid Mr. CLUNIE said in Committee of the Whole, "the people I represent will sustain any honest expenditure of the public money made in this way, and while the 'pie' was being divided around, I thought it would not be immodest on my part to ask for a little slice for San José."

Mr. CLUNIE states the fact precisely. It is pie which is cut in slices for hungry members. Does the reader who sees these enormous sums appropriated in a way which, if it were fair to every other community in the country like San José or Camden or York, would exhaust the Treasury many times over, ask how such things are done? The answer is simple. They are done by log-rolling, by the tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you game. Mr. A., of Maine, will vote to give a piece of pie to Mr. B., of Mississippi, if Mr. B. will return the favor. The pie is large. There is plenty for all. Let no man's modesty stand in the way, nor think it unbecoming to ask for a little slice for his particular San José. Yet there are populous and prosperous towns of many thousands of people which have no public buildings whatever. The reasons for giving large slices of pie to them are much stronger than in many of the cases reported. Evidently, if there were not a surplus, if taxes were to be levied to enable San José and Camden and York to enjoy such huge pieces of pie, how much would those lucky towns get? If public money is really pie, every district in the country should keep a vigilant CLUNIE in Congress to secure the largest possible slice.

THE MORAL OF THE CITY INVESTIGATIONS.

THE disclosures made by the investigations of the Sheriff's office and of other branches of municipal administration, and the FLACK trial, throw a very strong light upon the methods of municipal administration in New York, and of its utter laxity, ignorance, disorder, dishonesty, and criminal extravagance. The revelations of the interior of Ludlow Street Jail, which are the result of the suggestions of the *Herald*, recall the description in the English novels of the last century of the sponging-houses and houses of detention in London. Meanwhile the new Street Commissioner has apparently abandoned the hope of cleaning the streets. This is not surprising. The only surprise is that anything else should have been anticipated. There is nothing more evident than the disgraceful condition of the streets, except the impossibility under existing circumstances of escaping the disgrace. When Mr. LOOMIS was appointed Commissioner, it seemed, undoubtedly, that a great opportunity was opened to him to earn public applause and gratitude in the simplest manner. Like the small boy in *Pickwick*, he was exhorted "to go in and win." But, as we said at the time, while it is universally agreed that he has the qualifications, "is he a free agent?" Can any officer in his position be a free agent?" We added:

> "If he resolutely devotes himself to his work, doing it as it ought to be done, and as he can do it, he must, first of all, refuse to appoint assistants because politicians want them appointed, and select them solely because they are the best men. How far does a vigilant press think that a Street Commissioner appointed by Tammany Hall would advance upon that road without challenge?"

Time has hastened to justify our question. Mr. LOOMIS evidently discovered immediately that the conditions under which the work must be done made its proper performance impossible. The whole business of street cleaning is a signal illustration of the character and consequences of government by Tammany Hall. That institution exists for the purpose of public plunder; that is to say, for the control of the city revenues, not for honest and economical government, but to pay its henchmen and maintain its own ascendency. That Tammany would honestly clean the streets was as absurd an expectation as that it would honestly favor any other reform, whether in the organization of the city service or in city administration. But the dirty streets and the extortions of the Sheriff's office, the frauds and petty pilfering, are the lighter aspects of the situation. The more serious consideration is that the municipal conspiracy of fraud and opportunity, when a really clever rascal appears, does not hesitate to strike at the administration of justice or at the freedom of the press, as in the TWEED days. The danger of such rule is not less because it is vulgar and sordid. It is as true now as it was in the days of the old TWEED Ring that New York is the worst-governed great city in the world. It is, indeed, the only great city in which participation in the government is not an honor. It is as undeniable now as in the days when the TWEED Ring stole, and a harlequin Mayor dressed himself in green on St. Patrick's Day, that popular government, if it means honest, economical, and efficient government, has failed for the time in the city of New York.

So long as the Democratic party is responsible, in the mind of the country, for this state of things, so long as the chief city in the country makes its local government partisan, and the local party majority is overwhelmingly Democratic, the party name will be repudiated by good citizens everywhere. Honest and intelligent Democrats, who hold the Republican party guilty of the old abuses of carpet-bag government in the Southern States, must remember that their own party

is equally associated with the familiar shameful and scandalous wrongs of misgovernment in the city of New York. The remedy lies in the union of all honest and intelligent citizens of all parties to secure, or to try to secure, good municipal government. This is so evident that the refusal of the Republicans to support Mr. HEWITT for re-election in 1888, under the pretence that there was a chance for their own party, was a deliberate division of the anti-Tammany vote, and an alliance with Tammany Hall, resulting in an apparent verdict of the city in favor of Tammany rule. This fact should be remembered by all honest citizens when another election occurs. Relief from Tammany rule is impossible so long as the city election is made a party contest.

BISMARCK.

THE telegraph is carefully guarded in Berlin, but the fact of serious differences of opinion between the old Chancellor and the young Emperor had been long generally understood, and the Chancellor's resignation at any time during the last few months would not have been surprising, and his final retirement, now assured, is an event of the first importance. BISMARCK will always hold a high place among the great statesmen of Europe. Take him from the history of Germany during the last thirty years, and its most powerful figure disappears. Indeed, since STEIN there has been no figure like him. The chief European names in the state-craft of this century are STEIN, PITT, CANNING, TALLEYRAND, METTERNICH, CAVOUR, NESSELRODE, BISMARCK, and GLADSTONE. Among all these famous men BISMARCK is eminent, and the actual constructive work of none of them is probably greater than his, except that of STEIN, whose service in awakening a patriotic spirit in a country in which it seemed to have perished is unique in history. The same fervor of patriotism is the distinction of both men. If STEIN revived German feeling, BISMARCK organized into an actual empire the sentiment of the father-land.

Germany was a geographical expression fifty years ago. There were German states, and a German enthusiasm survived in feeling and song from the earlier days of the century; but a political and united Germany was the aim and is the achievement of BISMARCK. His ambition has not been personal, but patriotic. His sobriquet, a man of blood and iron, expresses a resolute will bent upon accomplishing its ends at any cost. Yet BISMARCK'S great purpose has been accomplished in a spirit which is not that of his own time. He has not been in sympathy with what is known as the modern spirit. Constitutions and parliaments and a limited monarchy are not to his taste. He has been, however, too wise to suppose that he could dispense with them. But his dominant conviction seems to have been that a nation cannot govern itself, and must be governed by a trained, unquailing, conscientious, independent, irresistible personal authority. So far as circumstances would permit, he has enforced CARLYLE'S theory of kingship, repressing the scorn for government by wind of voice and count of heads which CARLYLE, a private and irresponsible personage, picturesquely expresses.

There has been less personal knowledge and current gossip about BISMARCK than about any noted character of the time. The most intimate and interesting personal glimpses of the man are those contained in MOTLEY'S letters. BISMARCK and MOTLEY were at the University of Göttingen together, and each fascinated the other. Their friendship remained unchanged as long as MOTLEY lived. In the brilliant American the stern German saw what lofty citizenship a republic produces, and what ardor and generosity of patriotism it fosters, and in the imperious German the American saw the upright purpose and love of country which may coexist with implicit faith in despotism. In his last great speech two or three years ago, to which it may be said the whole world listened, BISMARCK paid a touching and tender tribute to "my dear friend JOHN MOTLEY." As BISMARCK retires, the most commanding public figure of our time disappears. Criticism, censure, condemnation, in many forms and for many reasons, doubtless await him. But it will be always said of him, and truly, that he loved his country and politically created Germany.

JEFFERSON AND THE SPOILS.

MR. JOHN M. MERRIAM, of South Framingham, in Massachusetts, has sent to the Boston *Journal* a detailed list of more than a hundred instances of removals from office by JEFFERSON. The facts in regard to JEFFERSON'S action had been always variously stated until a letter of his own settled the question. A contemporary Federal pamphlet published in the first year of his administration specifies twenty-nine officers "dismissed.... on account of their political opinions." In 1830 Senator HOLMES, of Maine, said to the Senate that "after diligent search" in the Journals of the Senate he had found but thirty-six. In 1835 Mr. CALHOUN put the number at forty-two. In 1850 Mr. TRUMAN SMITH, of Connecticut, said in the Senate that House document No. 132 of the First Session of the Twenty-sixth Congress showed that there were fifty-eight removals during Mr. JEFFERSON'S two terms. JEFFERSON held that the civil service should be "equalized" between the two parties. Like many of his theories, this was utterly impracticable. The spoils system was already established in New York under the Council of Appointment, which even refused licenses to auctioneers of the wrong party. The outrageous partisan abuses of the power of appointment and removal under the Council was one of the chief reasons for calling the Convention of 1821 to draft a new Constitution for the State.

When JEFFERSON was elected, DUANE and the other spoils politicians of his party in Pennsylvania insisted that the President should make "a clean sweep." JEFFERSON resisted, and tried to placate the plunderers by his plea of equalization. On July 24, 1803, in a letter written at Monticello to DUANE, to which Mr. MERRIAM refers, and which is printed in ADAMS'S *Writings of Gallatin*, JEFFERSON says:

> "Many vacancies have been made by death and resignation, many by removal for malversation in office, and for open, active, and virulent abuse of official influence in opposition to the order of things established by the will of the nation. Such removals continue to be made on sufficient proof, the places have been steadily filled with Republican characters, until of 316 offices in all the United States subject to appointment and removal by me, 130 only are held by Federalists. I do not include in this estimate the judiciary and military, because not removable but by established process; nor the officers of internal revenue, because discontinued by law; nor postmasters, nor any others not named by me. And this has been effected in little more than two years, by means so moderate and just as cannot fail to be approved in future. Whether a participation of office in proportion to numbers should be effected in each State separately, or in the whole States taken together, is difficult to decide, and has not yet been settled in my own mind."

He then proceeds to point out that in Pennsylvania there were only eight offices within his control, and that of these eight, five were already held by Republicans and three by Federalists, while every subordinate officer was "appointable" by the five Republicans, and "not a single one" by the Federalists. He adds that the only trouble under his administration has arisen from the distribution of offices. This is a statement which is very credible, since a member of Congress recently said that he had received five thousand applications from his own district alone. Of course this gentleman was entirely prevented from attending to the public business for which he was sent to Washington. JEFFERSON pulled out the bolts of the floodgates, and tried to hold them against the torrent by his absurd equalization. JACKSON opened them, and the flood overwhelmed both the service and honest politics. The more completely the infamous story of the spoils system is told, the more certain is reform.

A RELIC OF BARBARISM.

THE death of Mr. TAULBEE in Washington and the imprisonment of Mr. KINCAID to await trial for murder is a commentary upon the practice of carrying loaded pistols which will be probably heeded. The deadly GOODLOE combat in Louisville and this event in Washington are signs of a barbarous condition which disgraces the good name of the country. There is no excuse whatever for the practice in the "Southwest" more than in the Northeast, in Washington than in Portland. It is the product of a semisavagery, and it is the chief means of perpetuating it.

Yet there is but one remedy, and that is local public opinion. Every man who palliates the practice, or who makes the participants in a deadly street fight heroes, or who does not earnestly denounce the practice as a cowardly and treacherous habit, indirectly promotes and strengthens it. The street brawls which are customary where concealed weapons are carried are worthy of Ashantee, but they disgrace America.

It is a curious illustration of the perversion of public sentiment that communities in which a difference of opinion or a volley of blackguardism ends in sudden murder plume themselves upon a high sense of honor. Duellists have always been under the ludicrous delusion that they were sensitive upon points of honor. Whatever it is that they mean by the word, it is something that is shared with cats and dogs, which are very prompt in resenting what they evidently regard as insults to their honor.

THE BLAIR BILL.

MR. JAY has been a much more effective advocate of the BLAIR bill than its author, and in a letter addressed to Senators EVARTS and HISCOCK of this State he sums up the case for the bill very strongly. In saying, however, that the opposition comes "partly from the prejudices engendered by slavery, but chiefly from the opponents of our common-school system," Mr. JAY overlooks such opposition as that of Senator HAWLEY, of Connecticut, and other Republican Senators, which is shared by a very large and intelligent body of citizens, and is founded upon the conviction that the education which the bill contemplates may be left much more wisely to the States, and that such national aid for such objects is to be deprecated for many reasons.

This, and not the other, is the serious ground of objection to the BLAIR bill among those who share the philanthropic views and patriotic spirit of Mr. JAY. The opponents of the common-school system to whom he alludes are the supporters of the Roman Catholic scheme of a sectarian division of the school fund. But this opposition is confined almost exclusively to the members of that communion. No proper American body of citizens holds any such view. The non-sectarian American public-school system has no warmer or more intelligent friend than Senator HAWLEY, who is also one of the most resolute and most reasonable opponents of the BLAIR bill.

By a vote of 36 to 32 the Senate has refused to order the bill to a third reading. The majority was composed of 20 Democrats and 16 Republicans, and it is regarded as sufficiently decisive to kill the bill for this session at least. The precedent of an enormous grant of public money to the States for any purpose which can command a majority in Congress has therefore as yet failed of being established.

THE ADIRONDACK PARK.

THE Governor has signed the Adirondack Park bill, saying very truly that it is good enough as far as it goes, but that it ought to go a great deal farther. The bill appropriates $25,000 for the purchase of lands, and it is very important as the beginning of the policy of State purchase, which the Governor in this instance trusts may lead to a more substantial and adequate measure.

As Mr. HARRISON, the Secretary of the New York State Forestry Association, also truly says: "Timber should be cut when it is ripe. That is what it is for. But it should not be butchered and exterminated, and the soil burned out and swept away, so as to leave great areas as barren as the central desolation of Sahara."

The evil is very serious and very threatening. But individual protests are of no avail against the organized interests which are destroying the forests and drying up the sources of streams and rivers. A similar organization of lumbermen, hunters, and all who visit the woods for health or pleasure, with all who know the public consequences of the devastation which is going on, will prevent it. That is the simple object of the association which makes individual opposition effective.

PERSONAL.

MISS ELAINE, one of the GOODALE sisters, whose verses brought them into prominence before they were out of short dresses, and while they still lived on their father's farm in western Massachusetts, has been made Superintendent of all the Indian schools in the new State of South Dakota. After teaching the Indians in General ARMSTRONG'S school at Hampton, Virginia, for several years, she became a teacher at the White River Camp of the Lower Brulé Agency. Her preliminary work has shown her to be well fitted for the difficult place she is now to fill, and her progress will be watched with interest by the many who believe in education as one of the most potent means of regenerating the Indian.

—There is an interesting story connected with the naming of Miss ANNA GETTYSBURG, the daughter of Judge WHEELOCK G. VEAZEY, of Vermont, now a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Young VEAZEY was in Dartmouth College at the breaking out of the war, and left his studies to join a Vermont regiment. Before going to the front he was married to the lady of his choice. During the battle of Gettysburg, and while Colonel VEAZEY was leading his regiment in the thickest of the fight, a girl baby was born in the home among the Green Mountains. She was christened ANNA GETTYSBURG, and has now developed into a stately young woman of more than ordinary beauty. Miss VEAZEY has been one of the prominent figures in Washington society this winter, and is soon to be married.

—A "hoss trade," and a white horse at that, is said to have been the beginning of the fortune of the late Judge JOHN D. DAVIS, of Montana, who was worth his millions, and was called by some the wealthiest man in the State. Back in 1864 he started from Iowa for the mining camps of Montana, taking several cart-loads of goods with him. These he sold at a profit; and then he traded an old white horse for a mining claim, which the discouraged owner wished to give up. The claim proved most valuable; and after Judge DAVIS had made a fortune out of it he sold it for a million dollars. At the time of his death he was interested in a number of other profitable ventures, and was one of the leading men in Montana. He was never in public life, however, and the sobriquet of "the Judge" was bestowed on him on account of his association with a vigilance committee when lynch-law was the only acknowledged restraint of the mining camps.

—Prince ALBERT VICTOR, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is looking for a wife, and as available princesses are not very plenty just now, it is said that his father would not be averse to union with an American girl if she had the proper requisites. Queen VICTORIA would hardly permit a match outside of royal circles, however.

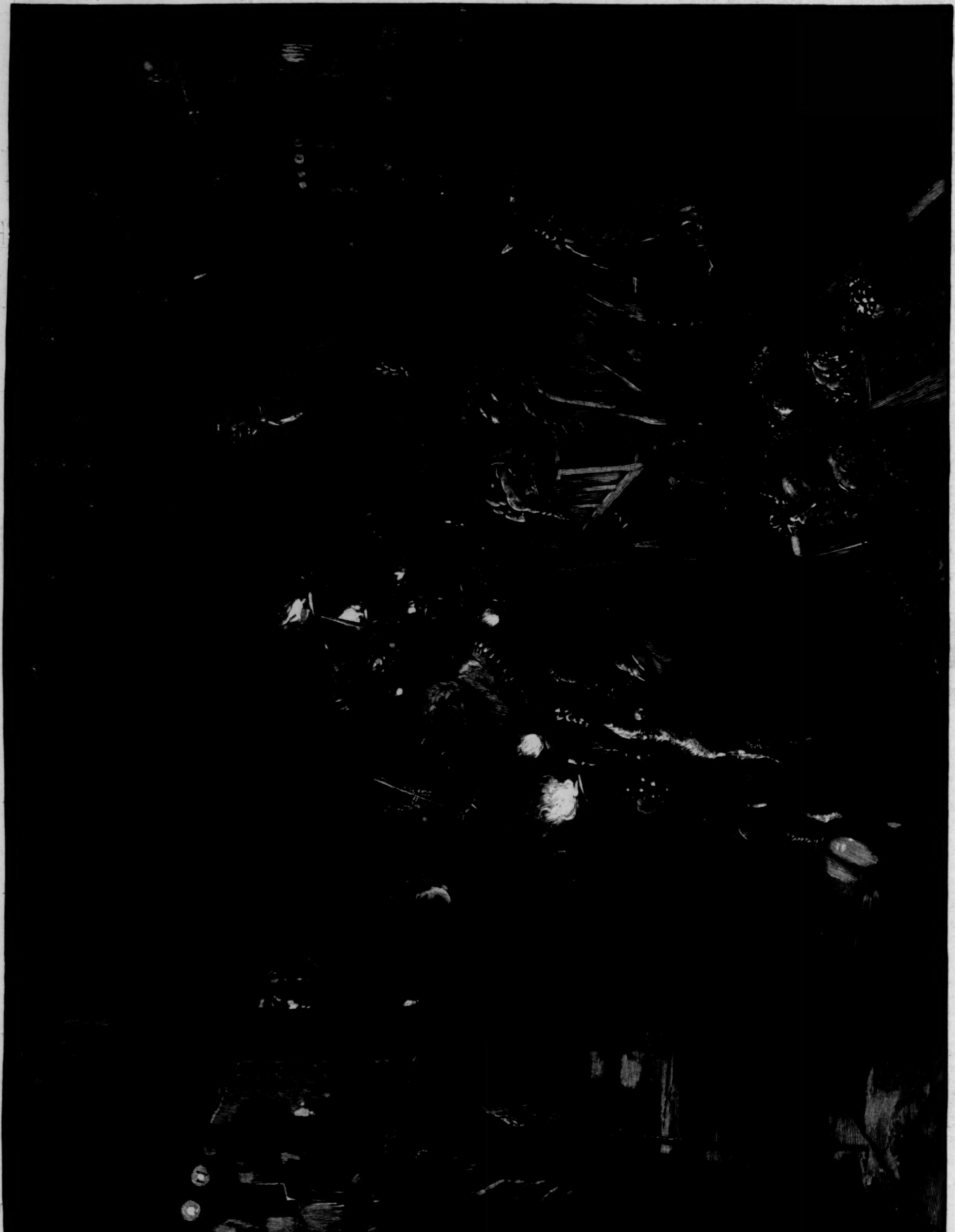
—Some of the Vassar students are taking steps to endow a chair of astronomy in the college in honor of the late MARIA MITCHELL.

—JOSHUA HOOD, one of the committee appointed to welcome General LAFAYETTE during his visit to this country in 1824, died recently in Baltimore at the age of eighty-seven.

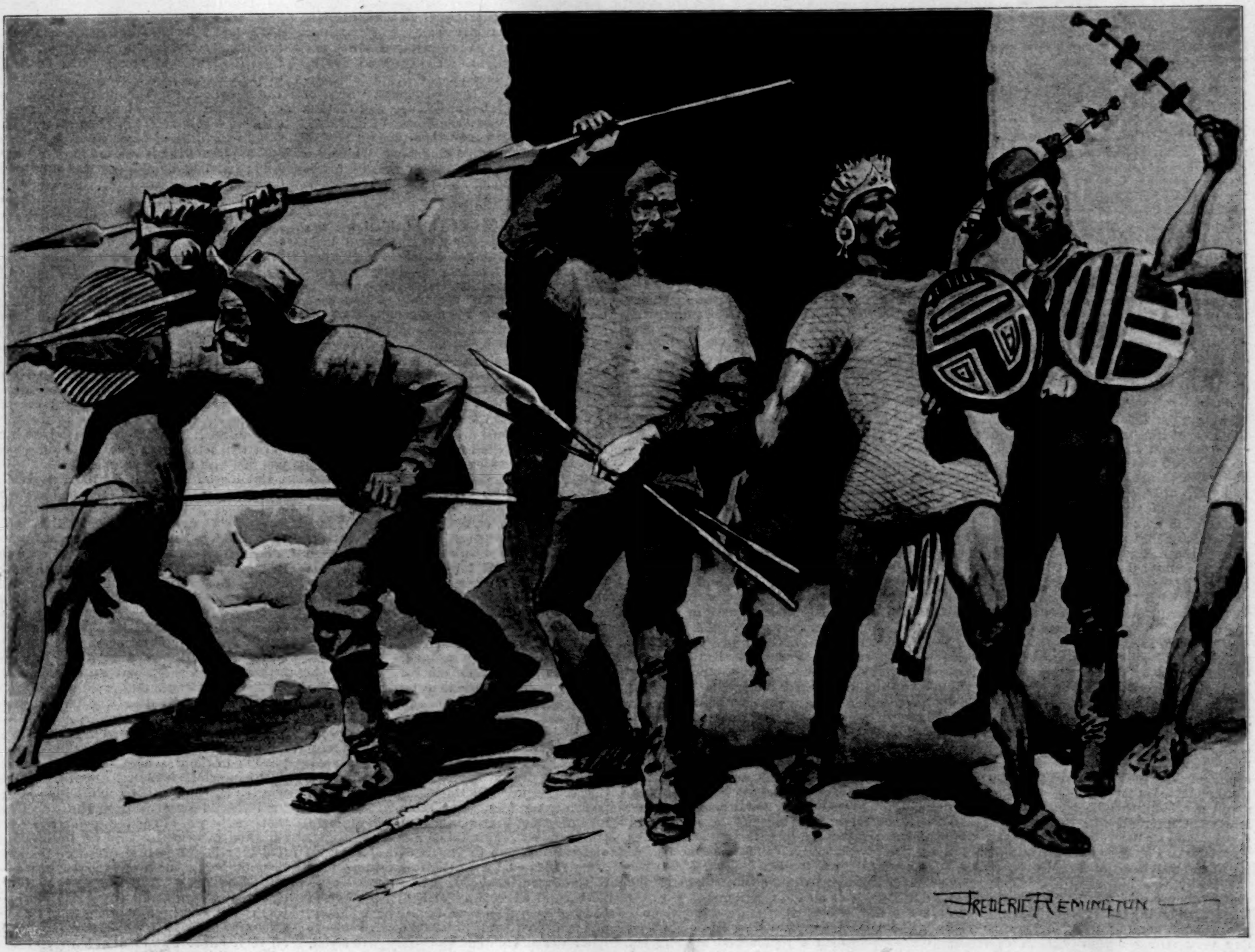
—Ex-President CLEVELAND'S successful venture in real estate seems to have inspired his successor at the White House with a desire to profit by similar investment, as President HARRISON has recently bought two pieces of improved Indianapolis business property for $21,000.

—For some time many of the ladies who ride after the hounds in England have advocated sitting astride of their horses like men, and it seems probable that they will carry the day. Now Miss MABEL JENNESS, the American apostle of physical development in women, seeks to introduce a similar reform on this side of the water. She claims, and with apparently good reason, that the use of the side-saddle develops only one-half of the body, and tends to a lateral curvature of the spine. Miss JENNESS has prepared a new riding-habit with bifurcated skirts, and having tried sitting astride of her horse, finds that in this position she can ride more gracefully as well as healthfully.

—The statement that Squire MASSEY BEASLEY, of Aberdeen, Ohio, the officiator at so many runaway marriages, has during the seventy-seven years of his life withstood the soft promptings of matrimonial example, is indignantly denied by a friend of his. He is a widower, and has had several children. Those who seek his services come generally from Kentucky, for he will not marry persons from Ohio. He requires no marriage license, but over in Kentucky his marriages are legalized by special law.



SATURDAY NIGHT MARKET ON NINTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 242.]



"RAYBURN, WHO HAD CAUGHT UP A JAVELIN, STOOD WITH IT POISED ABOVE HIS SHOULDER."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XXIX.—THE ASSAULT IN THE NIGHT.

NEITHER the Council, in its irresolute parleyings, nor Fray Antonio, in his resolute action, had at all considered certain factors which they themselves had interjected into the problem that they then were dealing with from such widely different stand-points and in such widely different ways. The Council, at a stroke, had transformed the Tlahuicos into soldiers; and had given the promise that in reward for their faithfulness and valor these slaves thenceforward should be freemen. Fray Antonio had preached to all those assembled at Huitzilan a creed that had taken strong hold upon many hearts; and that especially had won the hearts of those of the long-oppressed servile class—to whom its doctrine of equality seemed to hold out an absolute assurance that their life of slavery was at an end.

When, therefore, the terms which the Priest Captain offered were spread abroad through the town, and through the camp close beside the town in which the army lay—being there in readiness instantly to occupy the Citadel should the enemy appear—a very lively anger was aroused because such terms should even be listened to. For what the Priest Captain demanded was that the apostle of the new religion should be relinquished to him to be slain as a sacrifice to the Aztec gods, and that once more the Tlahuicos should be thrust back into slavery; while what he conceded—in that it affected only the higher classes—made the lot of the Tlahuicos but the more unjustly cruel and hard to bear.

And those who resented the delay on the part of the Council in sending back the Priest Captain's envoy with a sharp denial, presently went on from hot words to violent deeds; being directly led from mutinous talk to mutinous action by the knowledge that the Council had so far accepted the offered terms as to send Fray Antonio to the great city to be slain—for not one among them could be led for a moment to believe, so impossible from their stand-point did such an act appear, that the monk truly had gone thither of his own free-will.

Practically the whole army was involved in the movement that then took place; for even its officers, while not of the servile class, dreaded the punishment that their revolt might bring upon them, and so preferred to take the chances of the war rather than to yield themselves to be dealt with as the Priest Captain might dispose. Therefore it was, on the day that Fray Antonio departed from us, that all the soldiers together marched in from their camp and massed themselves compactly about the Council Chamber within the Citadel, and then with loud cries demanded that the envoy should be sent back to the great city with an absolute refusal of the offered terms. Thus was there created a rebellion within a rebellion; and one that the Council was powerless to put down: for the reason that practically the whole of the force which it had created to serve against the enemy was now risen against its own authority with a most masterful strength.

In the case that thus was presented there was no opportunity to temporize. The fierce, wild creatures of whom soldiers suddenly had been made stood there before the Council Chamber, shouting and waving their spears angrily and clashing together their arms. And so they continued, without one moment of quiet, until their will was obeyed. Through the savage and tumultuous throng the envoy was led forth—his looks showing plainly his very natural expectation that his life would be let out of him amidst that ferocious company—and so down to the water-side; and thence was sent back again to Culhuacan with the firm assurance—which message of defiance the soldiers themselves dictated—that the terms offered by the Priest Captain would be accepted only when all the Tlahuicos then risen together in arms against him had been slain!

"Bully for th' Tlahuicos!" cried Young, as I translated to him these ringing words. "Just tell 'em, Professor, that I've volunteered for three years or th' war, an' that they can count on me t' keep up a full head o' steam as long as there's any fightin' t' be done. Accordin' t' my notions, now that th' Padre's over there in th' city—t' say nothin' o' what we owe 'em on Pablo's account—th' row can't begin one minute too soon. These Tlahuicos are th' boys for me! Didn't I tell you that nobody could stop 'em when they once got fairly started? They're a tough lot; but they're just everlastin' rustlers—an' their style suits me right now all th' way down t' th' ground-floor!"

The sharp excitement attendant upon this vigorous action gave place, as the day wore on, to a dull heavy pain as our thoughts dwelt upon the fate that Fray Antonio had gone forth to meet, and upon our present powerlessness to defend him in any way against it. Although the envoy had been sent back, and war was now resolutely determined upon, the situation remained unchanged in so far as concerned the necessity of our waiting for the Priest Captain to take the initiative. To attack that great walled city was so hopeless a task that even the Tlahuicos—flushed though they were by their victory over the Council—did not venture to propose it; for they knew, as we all did, that our only chance of carrying the enemy's stronghold lay in first defeating its garrison in a battle in the open field. Yet this dull inaction of waiting was a source of grave danger to us, in that it tended to wear out the spirits of our men and to make them still more careless of their guard. What Rayburn and I had seen that morning had shown how little trust could be placed in them in so far as the soldierly attribute of watchfulness was concerned; and Tizoc, with whom we conferred in regard to this important matter, had little to say that we found comforting. Being himself a thorough soldier, he perceived the danger to which the unsoldierly lack of vigilance on the part of the Tlahuicos exposed our camp; but the situation was such that he was powerless to take effective measures for our protection. The few regular troops in our little army were not enough to do sentry duty everywhere, and the best that could be done would be to dispose them at the points most open to attack—"And then trust to luck," Rayburn put in rather bitterly, "that the enemy will be polite enough to try to surprise only the part of the camp where the sentries are awake!"

Partly that we might see for ourselves how our pickets were disposed, but more that by action of any sort we might divert our thoughts from the sorrow that was gnawing at our hearts, we walked out together in the late afternoon to the rocky heights of the promontory that on the western side of the town extended far into the lake. From a military stand-point this position was of great importance to us, inasmuch as bowmen or slingmen gaining access to it could command a considerable part of the town, and even could annoy very seriously the garrison of the Citadel; and it also was of value to us as a place of lookout whence an attacking party coming by way of the lake from the city could be perceived while yet it was a long way off.

We were surprised, therefore, when we had come well out upon the promontory, that no sentinel challenged us; but our surprise vanished a moment or two later as we perceived one of our men curled up comfortably against a sunny rock and apparently sound asleep. However, as we got close to the man it was clear to us that his sleep was one that he never would waken from, for a pool of blood stained the rock beside him, and an arrow was shot fairly through his heart. We made but a short stop beside this fellow—who plainly had been shot in his sleep, and so deserved the fate that had overtaken him—and then went forward anxiously that we might see how the other sentinels stationed hereabouts had fared. The result of our quest was as bad as it could be; for in one place or another among the rocks we found all five of the men who had been posted upon the promontory, and all of them were dead. Three more of them certainly had been shot while asleep or wholly off their guard, as was shown by the easy attitudes in which we found them sitting or lying among the rocks. The fifth had not been instantly killed, as we inferred from finding a broken arrow sticking in his left arm, and some signs of a struggle about

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1722.

where he lay, and a great split in his skull, as from a sword stroke, that finally had let the life out of him. It struck us as strange that this man had not aroused the camp with his shouts; but his post was at the extreme end of the promontory, so that he must have called very loudly in order to be heard; and it was possible that in the suddenness of his danger he never thought to call at all. However, the important matter so far as we were concerned was that these five sentinels had been slain close beside the town and in broad daylight, and that but for the chance of our coming out upon the promontory the most important of our outposts would have remained unguarded until the night relief should have come on. It was Rayburn's theory that the plan of the enemy was to place his own men on the vacant posts—trusting to the reasonable certainty that in the dusk of evening one naked Indian would look much like another—and so despatch the relief, one by one, as the guard was changed.

Of those of the enemy who had accomplished this piece of work so skilfully we could see no sign—unless it were a boat that we dimly saw a long way off on the lake, and that presently wholly disappeared in a bank of haze; and despite the hot sunshine basking upon us a chill went through me at thought of the stealthy daring and truly devilish cunning of the men who thus could do their evil work in the full light of day, and close to the encampment of an army, and yet could get safely away without leaving a trace of their presence save the dead bodies of their foes.

Having made sure by carefully searching among the rocks throughout the length of the promontory that none of the enemy was hidden there, we hastened back to the town to tell of what we had come upon, and to provide for mounting fresh sentinels in the place of those who had been relieved by death. We had expected that the news which we brought would stir up a great commotion; and we were not a little troubled, therefore, knowing how serious the matter was in its exhibition of the carelessness of our guards, by finding that only Tizoc and a few other tried soldiers were more than lightly discomposed by what we had to tell. The general feeling seemed to be—inasmuch as our lucky discovery had dispelled the danger—that there was no need to worry about a calamity which had not occurred; and what after all was the most essential consideration, the constant danger that threatened us by reason of the criminal laxity of the watch maintained by our pickets, practically was lost sight of. Apparently neither the Council nor the higher officers of the army had the power to remedy this dangerous condition of affairs. At no time had any very strong authority been exercised over the Tlahuicos—for all the orders which until now had been given to them had been directed only toward urging them along a way that they were glad enough to follow of their own accord—and since their assertion of their will that morning what little control had restrained their waywardness seemed to have been wholly lost.

However, as there was a chance in it of fighting, and as fighting was what they longed for earnestly, our unruly soldiers were willing enough that a strong detachment should be placed in ambush on the promontory; to the end that the force which the enemy probably would land there that night might be summarily dealt with. And the better to carry out our plan of a counter-surprise, the dead sentinels were left where we found them. Tizoc was given the command of the ambushed force, and he willingly granted our request that we might accompany him; which request was prompted by the desire that we fully shared with the Tlahuicos to get at close quarters with the enemy, and also by the conviction that in Tizoc's company—though in his company we were like to have hot fighting and plenty of it—we would have better chances of safety than anywhere else in all our camp.

For this expedition we put on for the first time our armor of quilted cotton cloth; and the look of these garments certainly did justify Young's comments upon them. "It's a pity we can't get photographed now," he said, "so's t' send our likenesses in this rig home t' our folks. You'd just jolt th' Cape Cod folks, Rayburn, with that pair o' telegraph poles you call your legs stickin' out from under th' tails o' that thing that looks like a cross between a badly made frock-coat and an undersized night-shirt. And I guess your college boys 'd be jolted too, Professor, if they could get a squint at you. And I s'pose that if some o' th' hands on th' Old Colony happened t' ketch up with me dressed this way they'd think I'd gone crazy. But I haven't got anything t' say against these little night-shirts except about their looks. When you get right down t' th' hard-pan with 'em, they're a first-rate thing."

For three American citizens, belonging to the nineteenth century, we certainly presented a strange appearance, and appeared also in very strange company, as we marched out from the town late that afternoon with Tizoc and his men. Each of us carried half a dozen darts, and strapped around our waists—outside our cotton-cloth armor—we each wore a maccahuitl: the heavy sword with a jagged double edge that we knew from experience was an excellent weapon when wielded by a strong hand. Indeed, Young and I carried the darts rather to satisfy Tizoc than because we expected to make any very effective use of them, and all of our reliance both for assault and defence was upon what we could do with our swords at close quarters. Rayburn, however, had been practising dart-throwing very diligently, and as he naturally was an extraordinarily dexterous man he had made rapid progress in this savage art. The soldiers in our company, naked creatures, lithe and sinewy, were armed for the most part with spears and slings; and the officers wore each a sword and carried each a handful of darts. As we all stepped out briskly together I could not but think how amazed would be the President of the University of Michigan, and my fellow-members of the Faculty of that institution of learning, should they happen to encounter me in that barbarous company and arrayed in that most barbarous garb!

It was a little before sunset when we reached the place that Tizoc had selected for our ambush upon the promontory; and an hour later, just as the shadows of evening were beginning to fall, one of our lookout men reported that a large boat—of which the oars must be muffled, for no sound came from it—was pulling around a point just beyond where we lay. There was a little stir among our men when this news was received, and a shifting and arranging of weapons so that all might be in readiness when the moment for opening the ambush came; but we had a picked force with us, each man of which fully understood how necessary was silence to the success of our plans, and the quick thrill of movement was so guarded that it scarcely ruffled the deep stillness of the night.

But the moments lengthened out into minutes, and the minutes slowly slipped by until a full hour had past, and the thick darkness of tropical night was upon us, and still there was no sign of a foe. Tizoc grew uneasy, for it was evident that we were in error in our conception of the enemy's plan. Had he intended to mount his own men as sentinels in place of our men whom he had slain, and then get safe possession of the promontory by killing the relief as it came on, we should have been long since engaged with him; but here the night was wearing on, and, excepting only the boat that our scouts had seen, there had been nothing to show that the attack which we had expected so confidently was anything more than a creation of our own fears. Yet our only course was to remain where we were until morning; for some accident might have delayed the attack, and the necessity of holding the promontory was so urgent that we could not take the risk of withdrawing our force.

It was weary work sitting there in the darkness, after all the weariness of so exciting a day, and as the hours dragged on I found myself now and then sinking into a doze—for which I reproached myself; yet also excused myself by the reflection that I did not at all profess to have either the training or the instincts of a soldier, but had been brought up, as a man of peace and as a scholar, in accordance with the sound principle that night rationally is the time set apart for sleep. It was from a most agreeable nap—in which I was dreaming pleasantly of my old life in Ann Arbor—that I was suddenly roused by Rayburn's quick grip upon my shoulder, and by his sharp whisper: "What's that?"

In an instant I was thoroughly awake, and as I bent forward and listened intently I heard very distinctly a faint cry of alarm that seemed to come from a long way off. Tizoc, I perceived—for he had risen to his feet—also was most eagerly listening; and I heard a slight sound of movement and of arms clinking as our men roused themselves, showing that they also had heard that warning cry.

But in a moment there was no need to strain our ears to catch the sounds which came to us. The cry that a single throat had uttered was taken up by a thousand, and so grew into a dull distant roar that pierced the black and sullen stillness of the night. And with this came also the higher notes of savage yells, and then we heard the clash of arms—which evidence that fighting was going on, no less than the direction whence, as we now perceived clearly, the sounds came, assured us that while we had maintained our watchful guard on the promontory, the enemy had surprised our camp.

Rayburn sprang up with a growl like that of a savage beast. "By ——," he cried, "they meant us to do just what we've done. And we've walked into their trap like so many —— fools!"

XXX.—THE FALL OF THE CITADEL.

Tizoc, I was glad to see, had his men well under his command; as was shown by the orderly manner in which they waited, despite their eager impatience to be off, until he gave the command to march. And hard marching we found it, as we floundered about that rough, rocky place, tripping and stumbling, and now and then hearing a crash in the darkness as one of our men went down. But, somehow or other, we certainly managed to get over the ground very rapidly; and all the while the sounds of the fight that was raging hotly struck with a constantly increasing clearness upon our ears.

The whole width of the town lay between our camp and the foot of the rugged path that led down from the promontory; but when we were fairly in the streets—and no longer had rough rocks to stumble over in the darkness—we went forward at a very slashing pace. And we were further helped now by the fact that day was breaking, so that we could see clearly where we were going; and we had also within us that feeling of cheer and encouragement that ever is given to man by the return of the sun. In but a few minutes more, in that tropical region, a flood of daylight would be about us; and Tizoc's hope was that when the horror of darkness, ever appalling to barbarians, should be lifted, and when our coming should afford a firm centre to rally around, our army might regain the courage and steadiness which it had lost in the terror and bewilderment of a night surprise.

But he quickly found that this hope was doomed to disappointment. Only a little beyond the gate of the Citadel we came upon a flying body of Tlahuicos—though no pursuers were in sight beyond them—and these were so completely demoralized that they took our company for a detachment of the enemy, and with wild cries fled away from us down a side street and so disappeared.

"What do you think of your friends now?" Rayburn asked Young, grimly. But Young's only answer was to curse the vanished Tlahuicos for cowards.

A moment later the whole street in front of us was filled with a howling mob of our men, and these came surging toward us with the evident intention of seeking safety in the Citadel. Tizoc saw at a glance the hopelessness of trying to rally a rout like this until the terrified creatures, fleeing like sheep from a pack of wolves, had been given rest for a while in some safe place where their courage might return to them. Being once within the Citadel they would be for a time wholly out of danger—for even should the enemy try to set scaling-ladders in place, and so break in upon us there, it would be an easy matter for a few determined men to hold the walls until among our broken forces some sort of order had been restored. Tizoc therefore promptly wheeled our little force aside into an open space, and so made a way for the struggling crowd to sweep past us. We noted as the stream of terror-stricken men flowed by that their officers were not with them; from which Tizoc drew the hopeful augury that the officers, being all trained soldiers, had drawn together into a rear-guard that sought to cover this wild retreat. And presently we found that Tizoc was right in his inference; for soon the crowd began very perceptibly to grow thinner, and the sound of loud cries and the rattle and clashing of arms rang out above the tumult, and then there came around a turn in the street a little beyond where we had halted a compact body of men who were falling back slowly, and who were laying about them most valiantly with their swords. Our party gave a yell, by way of putting fresh heart into these gallant fellows, and Tizoc quickly disposed our company in such a manner that the retreating force fell back through our midst; and then we promptly closed in and covered it, and so took the fighting to ourselves.

I cannot tell very clearly how our retreat to the Citadel was managed, nor even of my own part in it; for fighting is but rough, wild work, which defies all attempts at scientific accuracy in describing it; and for the reason, I fancy, that it engenders a wholly unscientific frame of mind. Reduced to its lowest terms, fighting is mere barbarity; a most illogical method of settling some disputed question by brute force instead of by the refined reasoning processes of the intelligent human mind; and by the anger that it inevitably begets, the habit of accurate observation, out of which alone can come accurate description, is hopelessly confused. Therefore I can say only that foot by foot we yielded the ground to the enemy that pressed upon us; that wild shouts rang out—in which I myself joined, though why I should have shouted I am sure I do not know—together with the sharp rattle of clashing swords; and that through the roar of this outburst of fierce sounds there ran an undertone of groans and sobs from the poor wretches who had fallen wounded to the ground. The one thing that I remember clearly is a set to at swords that I had with a big fellow just as we had come close to the Citadel, that ended—in a way that would have surprised him mightily had he lived long enough to comprehend it—by my finishing him by means of a stop thrust followed by a beautiful draw cut that was a famous stroke with my old sabre master at Leipsic. And I well remember thinking at the moment that I made this stroke—and so saved my life by it, for the fellow was pressing me very closely—how happy it would have made the old Rittmeister could he have seen me deliver it.

As we made a rush for the gate of the Citadel, that we might get inside this place of safety and drop the grating before the enemy could follow us, we were surprised by finding many of our own men lying dead about the entrance; and what was far worse for us, we found that unskilled hands had been at work with the machinery whereby the gate was lowered, and by their bungling had managed to start it downward in such a way that it had jammed in the grooves. What actually had happened there, as we knew afterward, was that the first of the coward wretches who had entered the Citadel had tried to drop the gate in the faces of their companions and so secure their own safety; whence a fight among themselves had sprung up, in course of which many of them very deservedly were slain, and, most unhappily for us, their frantic efforts to lower the gate had resulted in thus disabling it.

We had a moment of breathing space before the enemy came up with us, and in this time Rayburn and Young and I had a grip of each other's hands in which, without any words over it, we said good-by to each other; for we neither of us for one moment doubted that our last hour had come. Tizoc stood at a little distance from us, as steady and as gallant in his bearing as ever I saw a man; but that he also counted surely upon dying there was shown by the glance of grave friendliness that he gave us, and by his making the gesture that among his people is significant of farewell. Then we ranged ourselves across the gateway, holding our swords in hand firmly; and Rayburn, who had caught up a javelin, stood with it poised above his shoulder in readiness to discharge it as the enemy came on. The sight of his splendid figure towering defiantly in that heroic attitude set my mind to running upon the Homeric legend of the glorious battling of the Greeks before the gates of Troy, and of Hector uplifting the rock; and I was very angry with Young, whose disposition to seize upon the whimsical side of everything was the most irrepressible that ever I came across, when he exclaimed: "I'll bet you five dollars, Rayburn, that when you throw that clothes-prop you don't hit th' man you fire at!"

But Rayburn did hit his man, straight in the heart too, a moment later as the enemy with a wild yell charged us; and then, with his back set well against the wall, he fell to work most gallantly with his sword.

From the very beginning of it we knew that our fighting was utterly hopeless; for all of our company together did not number fifty men—and we were confronting there a whole army. Up the street, as far as we could see, the troops of the enemy were solidly massed; and for every man whom we struck down twenty were ready to spring forward, fresh and vigorous, to exhaust still further the strength that rapidly was leaving us. That we fought on was due not to our valor, but to our desperation; and also—at least such was my own feeling—to a swelling rage that made us long to kill as many as possible of these savages before we ourselves died beneath their blows. Death, we knew, was the best thing that could happen to us; for it would save us from the worse fate, that surely would come to us should we be captured, of being turned over to the priests that they might torture us before their heathen altars, and in the end tear our still quivering hearts out. And that the wish of our enemies—according to the Aztec custom—was rather to capture us than to kill us was shown by the way in which they fought; for all their effort was to disable us, and so to take us alive; nor did they seem to have any great care, if only this purpose could be accomplished, how many of themselves were slain.

Sometimes in my dreams the wild commotion of that most desperate combat comes back to me. I see again before me the crowd of half-naked men, curving in a semicircle measured by the length of my sword, their faces distorted by the passionate anger that stirred their souls; and I see one fierce face after another lose out of it the look of life, yet not the look of hate, as my sword crunches into the vitals of the body to which it belongs; and I hear the wild din around me, and the yells of rage and of pain; and my feet tread in slippery pools of blood, and all my body aches with weariness, and sharp thrills of agony dart through the strained muscles of my right arm—yet still I fight on, and on. And, truly, all this seems more real to me now in my sleep than it did to me then in its reality: for a dull weight of most desolate hopelessness settled down upon me as I fought out to the end that most hopeless battle—so that my spirit shared in the numbness of my body, and I cut and parried and gave men their death-blows with the stolid energy of a mere death-dealing machine.

It had been from the first no more than a question of minutes how long this unequal fight would last; and when I heard a great yell from the enemy, and perceived a flood of soldiers swirling inward through the gateway just beyond the fellows whom I was dealing with, I knew that Tizoc's men had been beaten down or slain, and that the end was very near at hand. As I glanced across the shoulders of the man whom I just then put forever on the list of non-combatants, I saw what seemed to be an eddy in the midst of the crowd that was rushing into the Citadel; and in the thick of the tightly knotted group that thus choked the narrow way I saw Tizoc still laying about him with his sword. He was a very ghastly object, for a cut on his head had loosened a piece of his scalp, that hung down over his forehead and waved and trembled there like a draggled plume; his face was bathed in blood from this horrid wound, and his armor of cotton cloth was soaked with the blood that had run down upon it from the cut in his head, and also from a wound in his neck. In the moment that I had free sight of him he made as fine a sword stroke as ever I saw, wherewith he fairly severed from its body the head of one of his assailants; and at the very same instant, whilst that head still was spinning in the air, a man directly behind him forced back the pressing crowd by main strength and so gained a free space in which to swing his sword. I shouted to Tizoc to

warn him of the danger, and he half turned to ward against it; but before he could turn wholly around the blow had fallen—splitting his whole head open from the crown to the very chin. And in the midst of the fierce yell of triumph that went up as this cowardly stroke was delivered there passed from earth the soul of as brave and as true a man as earth has ever known.

A dizziness came over me as I saw Tizoc fall, and saw in the same moment the wild rush forward of the enemy over his dead body into the Citadel; and so I suppose that what with this dizziness and my great weariness I must have dropped my guard. I faintly remember hearing a shout of warning from Young, who was close beside me—which shout mingled with the shrieks of those inside the Citadel whom the enemy everywhere were cutting down, and the great roar of victory that went up from all the army, both within and without the Citadel, rising tempestuously in mighty waves of sound—and then a crash like that of a thunder-bolt burst directly upon my head, and a sickening pain shot through me, and I seemed to be falling through untold depths into vast gloomy chasms (so that I thought I was dropping once more into the hollow darkness of the cañon), and there was a very dreadful surging and roaring and ringing in my ears: and then all this horror of evil sounds grew fainter, and I felt myself slipping quickly into the awful stillness and blackness that I surely thought must be the entranceway to death. And with this thought a numb sort of gladness came over me, for in death there was promise of restfulness and peace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

On the first day of June, 1801, Captain Robert Richard Randall, a well-to-do citizen of New York, sat in his comfortable country house, a large yellow mansion standing a little distance westerly from Broadway, on the site afterward occupied by the Presbyterian church in Mercer Street. He was in feeble health, but his intellect was clear, and he was consulting with his lawyers, Alexander Hamilton and Daniel D. Tompkins, in reference to his will, which was drawn up and executed that same day.

His provision for his relatives was moderate. After directing that his just debts should be paid, he bequeathed to each of the legitimate children of his brother Paul £40 a year till they should reach the age of fifteen, and £1000 to be paid to the sons when they should become of age, and to the daughters when they should marry. His gold sleeve-buttons, gold watch, knee-buckles, and shoe-buckles, and small legacies in money, were left to his servants, and then Captain Randall paused.

The conversation which then ensued between him and his counsel might very probably have been lost to posterity, even though the result of the conversation became an important matter of history, if it had not been for the accurate memory of the late Isaac Bell, Sen., who was the foreman of the jury before which the will was stubbornly contested for thirty years. Mr. Bell remembered the testimony in the case well enough to tell years afterward the substance of the conversation.

When he had remembered all those whom he desired to make his legatees, the client said that he was in doubt what disposition to make of the remainder of his estate, and inquired of his lawyer as to what would be a suitable manner in which to dispose of it. General Hamilton inquired as to the origin of the fortune, and Captain Randall replied that he had inherited it from his father, who had accumulated it by "honest privateering." Thereupon the lawyer remarked that a property resulting from the labors and perils of sailors might very appropriately be devoted to the maintenance of broken-down and disabled sailors. The suggestion was accepted, the will made in accordance with it, and the Sailors' Snug Harbor with its magnificent endowment is the result.

Concerning the founder of the institution, Captain Randall, who died shortly after making his will, very little is known at the present day, and that little is involved in contradictory stories. There was little of moment, at all events, in his life, excepting the one act of making his will. His father, Captain Robert Randall, as he said, was one of the American privateersmen who wellnigh destroyed the maritime supremacy of Great Britain in our earliest contention with the mother country, and who grew rich in Louisiana, where Spain had opened the port of New Orleans to belligerents. He was a thrifty Scotch trader who had emigrated to New Orleans, and who, grasping the opportunity presented by Spain's action, employed his capital in fitting out the privateersmen. It is not recorded that he sailed the main himself, but he got great wealth, for those days, out of the exploits of those who did. The son and heir afterward exchanged his Louisiana estates for land in New York city belonging to a Mr. Farquhar, and this land, which was a portion of the old Minto farm, now supplies the princely revenue which makes the Sailors' Snug Harbor one of the enormously rich charitable institutions of the world. The endowment embraces very nearly eleven blocks in the heart of the city, and four lots fronting on South Street a little below Wall. The boundaries of the first plot are not identical with the streets as they are now laid out; but roughly speaking it includes the most of the ground between Waverly Place and Tenth Street west of Broadway as far as Fifth Avenue, and almost all between Astor Place and Tenth Street east of Broadway as far as Fourth Avenue.

This property was left in trust to eight persons—the Mayor and Recorder of the city of New York, the Chancellor of the State of New York, the President and Vice-President of the Marine Society, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, the rector of Trinity Church, and the senior minister of the Presbyterian denomination in the city. This number was afterward reduced to seven by the abolition of the office of Chancellor. The trustees were authorized and advised by the testator to incorporate themselves under the laws of the State for the purpose of better carrying out the provisions of the will, and this step was taken many years ago, so that the affairs of the Snug Harbor are nominally conducted under the supervision of the State. In reality, however, there has never been any legislative interference, and the Board of Trustees has gone on from year to year maintaining the institution and storing away the surplus revenue for possible "emergencies."

The sole duty devolving upon the seven trustees is the maintenance of a refuge for decrepit seamen, which Captain Randall stipulated should be called the "Sailors' Snug Harbor," where the weather-beaten mariners shall be provided with all the necessities of life. They were not to establish this place until the revenue of the estate should be sufficient to maintain fifty sailors, for Captain Randall foresaw an increase in the value of his land, though it is hardly possible that he dreamed of its enormous appreciation.

As a matter of fact it was not until more than enough had accumulated to fulfil the provision stated that operations were actually begun, for an active and bitter contest of the will was maintained for some thirty years by the natural heirs of Captain Randall. He was not a married man, but he had a number of relatives, some being his brother's children, who thought that their grandfather's property should not be left to strangers while they and their natural claim survived. The will, however, as might have been expected on account of the acumen of the lawyers who drew it up, proved to be a sound one, and after the contest had been carried to the court of last appeal—the Supreme Court of the United States—it was finally probated in March, 1830.

It is difficult for any person not well versed in real-estate values in New York city to reckon even approximately the value of the estate which is thus being administered. Being duly incorporated, the trustees have, according to law, to make an annual statement of their receipts and disbursements, and of their funds on hand. This statement is sent to the Governor "for the use of the Legislature," and a copy of it is sent to the Mayor of the city "for the use of the Common Council," as the comptroller expresses it. The statement made last year (reduced to round numbers for the sake of brevity and clearness) is as follows: the receipts were stated as $320,000, of which $295,000 were rents and $25,000 were interest, dividends, and sundries. The disbursements for maintaining, improving, and repairing the Snug Harbor were $250,000. The funds on hand are put at a bare trifle over $1,000,000. Some $340,000 only of this million is put down as "buildings obtained by purchase and under foreclosure of mortgage." The remainder consists of government bonds, bond and mortgage investments, and money on deposit.

As nearly as can be told now, the income of the property in the early days of the trust was not more than about $1000 a year. Lately it has been semi-officially stated as about $400,000. The latter figure is denied by Comptroller Greenleaf, who says that the income does not amount to so much.

Beyond this official statement the trustees of the estate—at least those who take the active part in the management of its affairs—do not impart information readily. The active operations of the board, however, aside from the financial transactions, are known of all men. When the will was finally probated, and the trustees entered upon the undisputed possession of the estate, conditions had greatly changed since Captain Randall's death. He had expected and expressed his desire that the Sailors' Snug Harbor should be located in New York city, and it is easy to imagine that he thought of a quiet suburban retreat on the shores of either the Hudson or the East River, some three or four miles from the City Hall, where it would be beyond the bustle of the busy town and yet accessible.

Even sixty years ago, however, the city was taking on the character of a metropolis. Quiet suburban places were becoming business centres, and the streets were stretching rapidly out from river to river, and up toward the villages of Yorkville and Harlem, though these were still far out of town. Already it was foreseen that Manhattan Island was all destined to be thickly settled, and with wise prescience it was determined to change the original plan so far as to locate the institution on Staten Island instead of within the city limits. The necessary authority for the change was easily obtained, and in 1831 two plots of ground—one of a hundred acres, "more or less," of land, salt meadow, and marsh, and the other of sixty acres adjoining, together with some four acres of small outlying pieces—were purchased. The total price was $16,000, which was easily paid out of the accumulations of thirty years, for legal expenses, even in the contest of a will, were not as tremendous in those days as now.

On this land, situated on the northern shore of Staten Island, not far from New Brighton, a large building of handsome design was speedily erected, and in 1833 the institution was formally opened with fifty inmates. Fronting on the waters of New York Bay, but sheltered from the storms that sometimes vex its bosom, the place is worthy of its name. The view over the water is all a sailor could ask, and the grounds immediately about the house are not only naturally beautiful, but they have been cared for so well as to look like a handsome park. Much of the land lying back from the shore is utilized as a farm, and the products are mainly used for the supplying of the generous table that is set for the old sailors. The building is an imposing structure, pure white, with broad piazzas and numerous noble pillars, and, surrounded as it is with a grove of fine elms, and broad, well-kept lawns, it presents no chance for adverse criticism either as to its beauty or its appropriateness. A fine statue of the founder of the institution, Captain Randall, adorns the entrance, and on each of the four sides of the pedestal are appropriate inscriptions perpetuating the history of his munificent bequest.

The management of the Sailors' Snug Harbor as a shelter for broken-down seamen, although it has been severely criticised at various times, is probably as judicious and as conscientious as that of any other similar institution. It was modelled to some extent after the methods that obtained in the famous Greenwich Hospital in England, but certain differences—notably in the matter of spirituous liquors—were made.

A rigid rule was established at the commencement of the administration regarding the qualifications for admission. Even at the time when only fifty beneficiaries were admitted, there was danger of unworthy outsiders slipping in, if such a rule were not established, and now, when there are over eight hundred inmates, and the doors are practically open to all who come qualified, the need of it is still greater. It is a simple enough rule. All that an applicant is required to prove in order to be received and to enjoy all the privileges of the Harbor is that he has been a sailor serving five years under the American flag, and that he is disqualified by any cause from earning his own living. Age, injury, or disease may disable him, and he is sure of a home for the rest of his life, if he applies for it.

No fault has been found with the clause limiting the benefits to American sailors. The necessity and wisdom of it are apparent. But it has been seriously questioned whether or not firemen, stokers, machinists, and the like, who have served on steam-vessels, should not be admitted, the claim being made that they are practically entitled to the same consideration as the men who attend to other duties about a ship. The trustees, however, have been inflexible in their refusal to acknowledge such men as seamen and to admit them to the Harbor, although strenuous efforts have been made to get the courts to compel them to do so.

Having proved his eligibility, the applicant must sign an agreement to abide by the rules of the institution, and he then becomes a "Snug," as the beneficiaries are familiarly called in the neighborhood. He is thereafter provided, free of all charge, with food, shelter, medical attendance, clothing, and regular rations of tobacco. The other one necessity, or imagined necessity, of an old sailor—his grog—is not provided for him, and he is, moreover, bound by the rules, under penalties, not to get under the influence of liquor. That this is reckoned a hardship by many need not be explained to any one who is familiar with the habits of old sailors.

Captain De Peyster, a gallant sea-captain in his day, was made Governor of the Snug Harbor in 1845, and held the place till his death in 1867. He had had too much experience with sailors not to understand, perhaps to sympathize with, their fondness for grog, and though he would not go so far as to give them liquor, he made a compromise, and had them served with regular rations of cider.

It seemed a harmless measure, but it had unlooked for results. Among the privileges of the "Snugs" is that of free egress and ingress to the Harbor during the day. All are expected to be within-doors at an early hour at night, unless absent on leave, but their movements during the day are uncontrolled, and there are numerous drinking-places in the neighborhood. Now the Snugs, although they are not supplied with pocket-money by the trustees, are seldom entirely destitute of money, and they are not, as a rule, averse to patronizing these places, though a fear of consequences usually keeps them within the bounds of temperance.

When, however, Captain De Peyster began serving cider to them, there was a sudden and very marked increase in the number of those who, despite all rules, do sometimes return to the Harbor considerably happier than when they set out. Being questioned about this, the guileless old mariners, with one accord, declared that they had indulged in nothing but cider, and Captain De Peyster promptly proclaimed that if they found the cider intoxicating, they should have no more of it, so cider rations were stopped.

Grog is really the only want of the old sailors which is not provided for, and grog they cannot get without money. It is therefore no violent assumption that a potent inducement to industry is a desire for the stimulants to which they have always been accustomed. And many of them are industrious, though it may be as much from weariness of idleness as anything else. They are not compelled to work at anything unless they desire, but a workshop is provided where many of them may be seen any day busily manufacturing nets, mats, baskets, or miniature boats. There are also a goodly number among them who turn out very creditable specimens of painting, usually taking a shell for canvas and producing marine views thereon. From the sale of these articles many of them keep well supplied with spending-money.

The rules they are obliged to keep are not specially onerous, and the punishment is usually mild, though it is found that a strict government is necessary. In exceptional cases an offender may be imprisoned in the "cage" for a time, but persistent violators of the laws are simply expelled. For the most part the poor old men spend the days in doddering about, smoking and exchanging yarns of their former experiences. Harmless, quiet, dead to ambition or hope, indifferent to most things, they lie at anchor in this last harbor till the cable breaks, and they drift out into eternity.

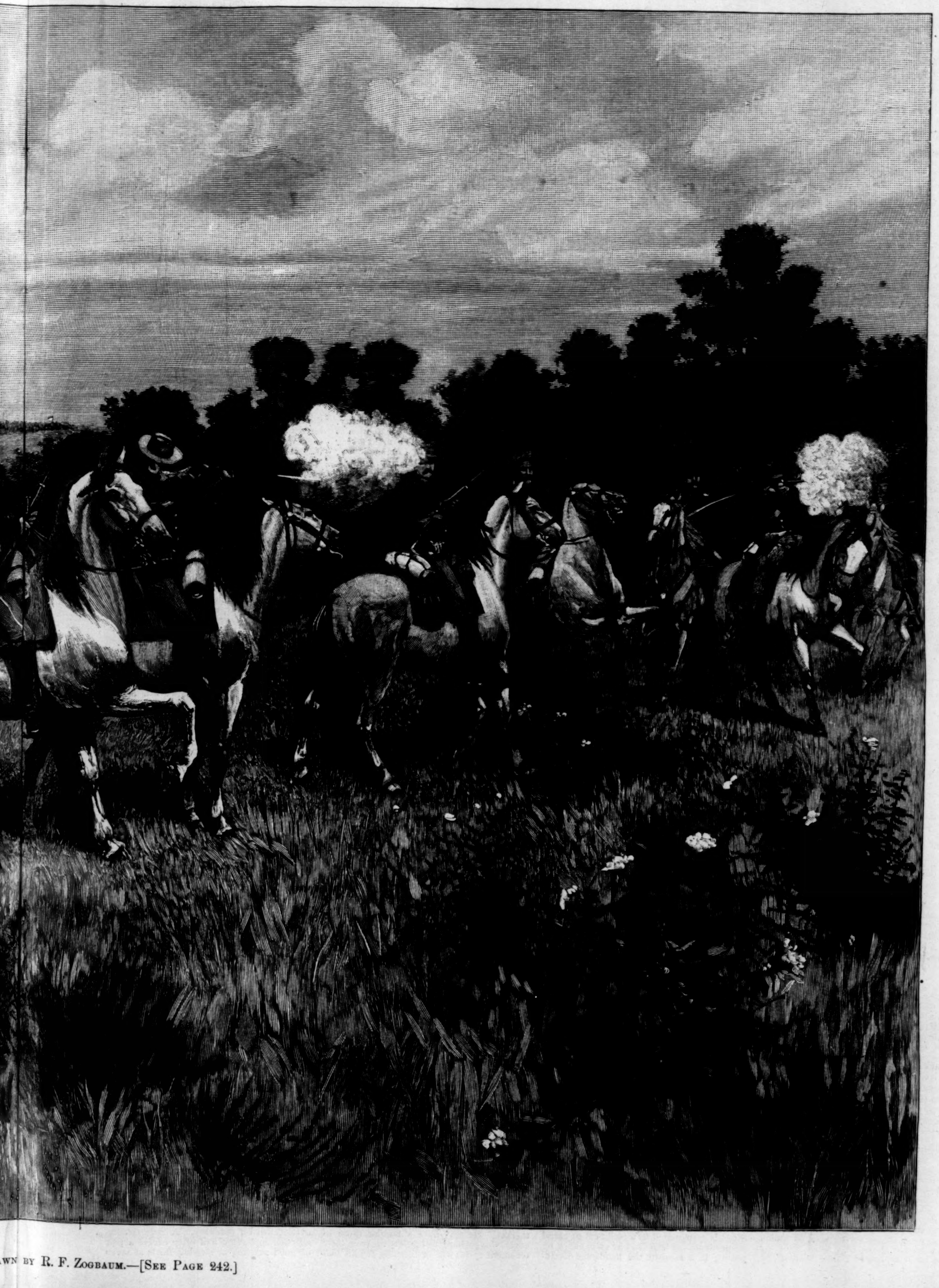
There are, however, as might be expected among so many, occasional malcontents. They are restless spirits to whom the calm becomes monotony, and who find the discipline irksome, even although it resembles that under which they have spent their active lives. With more or less justice they complain of the pains of the "taboo," as punishment is called, and declare stoutly that injustice and favoritism abound in the management. Taken by and large, however, the management has received general commendation.

It is inevitable that an institution like this, endowed with a fortune of such magnitude, should be at times criticised, and still more often questioned. The questions are of two kinds—as to the management and government of the Harbor itself, and as to the management of the enormous estate which is held in trust solely for the maintenance of the Harbor. As to the first, the most serious charge is that political influences are brought to bear about election times, and that a corrupt vote in Richmond County is a frequent result. No direct charge against the trustees has been made, however, in this connection, and it is difficult to see how bribery can be checked among the 800 sailors any more easily than anywhere else. Perhaps it could not be prevented as easily as elsewhere.

THE MISTAKE OF A MORNING.

"Well," says Blunderbuss, "if that Chinaman hasn't exchanged one of my shirts for a shirt that opens in front!" when all the while he had got his own on wrong side foremost.

CLEARING THE WAY.—Drawn



AWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 242.]

CLEARING THE WAY.

ALTHOUGH the cavalry of all civilized nations is generally equipped with fire-arms, either pistol or carbine, and notably in the United States and Russia with both weapons, the use of the latter arm while the troops are mounted is condemned by most cavalry officers except under certain conditions and for certain purposes. Experience in many wars has proved that mounted troops should receive a charge at a charge; that is to say, that when one body of cavalry is attacked by another, the party so set upon should advance to meet its opponents, and attempt to repel the charge by the shock of the onset. The carbine is of value to cavalry, when used mounted, for such purposes as temporarily holding in check advancing enemies by small parties, to cover a retreat where a charge would be impracticable, and to "clear the way" with a mounted skirmish line for the advance of the main body taking up position for an attack. In the many campaigns against hostile Indians in which our cavalry has been actively employed up to within the last year or two, ever since the close of the civil war, a greater part of the actual fighting has, from the nature of the warfare and the character of the country in which operations against the savages have taken place, been done on foot, although brilliant mounted charges have frequently been made. The Indian is a skilful soldier and wary, cunning foe, difficult to reach, and when aware of the proximity of his enemies, almost impossible to get within striking distance of, except upon ground of his own choosing, or under other circumstances to his advantage. He fights, and fights well, too, but to no one more justly than to him might the old saying be applied that "he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day." Constantly on the alert, active, and seemingly tireless, he annoys and harasses the advancing column. In their camps at night, on the march by day, the soldiers are never sure at what moment they may be attacked.

As the command moves forward over the prairie, scouts ahead and flankers thrown well out on either side, no indication of the presence of any other human beings in "all the country round" but the troops is visible to the inexperienced among them, although many of the older soldiers, officers and men, have noticed "signs" of the proximity of their savage foes. Away off on the horizon stretches a line of mound-shaped buttes; winding at their base, relieving against the gray of the prairie, an irregular line of dwarf willows marks the course of a stream. Irregular patches of scrub-oak or cottonwoods stand out here and there. Look out now, you in advance! One of the flankers has seen something over beyond the rise of ground in the front, and is signalling energetically, waving his hat and circling round and round on his horse. Bang! bang! go a couple of shots in the distance, and a nervous thrill runs through the column as the leading troop, the "Grays," perhaps, breaks away at the word of command and forms a long line of mounted skirmishers, stretching far out along the front. Away go the supports behind them, and soon the sharp reports of their carbines are heard, answered by crackling rifle-shots and wild yells in the distance, as they open fire upon the enemy, attempting to develop his position, and "clearing the way" for the advance of the main body.

THE STATE-HOUSE EXTENSION AT BOSTON.

To the genuine Bostonian there is no elevation of land quite so grand as Beacon Hill, and his civic affection and pride centre about the State-house which crowns it. The noble dome of this edifice shines like a gigantic brazen helmet above the city, and may be seen from the sea and from distant inland points—a true successor to the great iron cresset filled with combustibles which in colonial days swung from a high pole set on the summit of the hill, ready when need arose to flame out a warning of danger to the citizens of the commonwealth, near and far. The site which this edifice occupies was a century ago a cow-pasture owned by Governor Hancock. The corner-stone of the State-house was laid in 1795, on which occasion the oration was delivered by Governor Samuel Adams, and the customary Masonic ceremonies were conducted by Paul Revere, Grand Master. The building was first occupied in 1798 by the "Great and General Court," as the Massachusetts Legislature is quaintly called in the State to which this assembly gives the laws.

From time to time considerable additions and improvements have been made to the State-house, one of the more recent ornamentations being the gilding of the great dome in 1874, and its regilding in 1888. This building will form the front of the extensive addition recently begun, a view of which as it will appear on its completion is presented in the illustration. The present State-house is 173 feet in length by 61 feet in breadth, and the height of its dome is 110 feet. The main entrance is approached from Beacon Street by a succession of stone terraces and steps. On the right and left of the approach are grassy terraces, on which stand a bronze statue of Horace Mann, by Emma Stebbins, one of Daniel Webster, by Hiram Powers, and two fountains. King's *Hand-book of Boston* states that 50,000 visitors yearly ascend the 170 steps to the cupola above the gilded dome, which rises 30 feet from its pediment, and is 50 feet in diameter. From the cupola a vast and beautiful view, both seaward and landward, is presented to the eye.

Under a resolve of the Massachusetts Legislature of 1888–9, a competitive examination of architectural designs for an extension of the State-house was ordered, and after consideration of the plans submitted, the design of the architects Messrs. Brigham & Spofford, of Boston, was accepted. On December 21st last the corner-stone of the proposed extension was laid by Governor Ames at noon. This stone was placed within only a few feet of the corner-stone of the famous old Beacon Hill Reservoir, which, constructed in 1847, was razed to give place to the new State edifice. The extension is to cover an entire block, and will be bounded by Mt. Vernon, Temple, Derne, and Hancock streets. Where the extension crosses Mt. Vernon Street a triple archway, of which the central opening is 20 feet high and 28 feet wide, spans the street, leaving the building above it continuous. Although the extension is to be twice as large as the original building, it is made to conform to the design of the present State-house, which is used for a guide to the plan, and its lines made regular are repeated in the corresponding parts of the new structure. The various departments of State service are amply provided for, and are placed so as to best connect with the other offices in the building. When the extension is completed, the Senate will find commodious quarters in the chamber now occupied by the House of Representatives, and the last-named body, which is now pressed for want of room, will have a spacious new hall to itself in the central part of the building. The present Doric Hall, in which the memorial and historical relics are kept, is to be retained intact as an entrance. Beyond this, through a wide arch, the entrance corridor will be continued as a broad approach, so that upon entering the building the eye will reach through a vista of pillared corridors, extending without hinderance through more than half of the great structure. This grand colonnade carries out the unity of the constructive idea, in which lies the main strength of the entire design. The same effect of space and loftiness, in keeping with so large a building, is observed in the corridors of the other floors, which run the entire length of the State-house. The extension is to be constructed of yellow brick, with marble trimmings, and the present building will be changed in its colors to harmonize with these tints.

The main lines of the building are simple and strong throughout. There is a directly indicated centre, about which there is no line or feature which does not have its corresponding balancing feature, nor does any minor part detract from the central idea. The dome upon the present building gives a proper prominence and impressiveness to the entrance, which is a fitting, grand approach to a great building. The spacious pillared hall, to which the Doric Hall will become a grand vestibule, is to be called the Senate Stairs. Beyond this, extending above Mt. Vernon Street, will be the central and principal feature of the building, a Memorial Hall of ample proportions, its ceilings carried to and abundantly lighted from the roof. Here are to be placed the battle flags which now hang in the Doric Hall, and the wall spaces will afford excellent opportunities for historical pictures. Still farther on is to be the grand stairway hall of the House, which begins directly over the entrance on Mt. Vernon Street, and will be lighted from the court-yard. In the second or principal story is to be placed the new Representative Hall, in the centre of the west side. This room, which is elliptical in plan, is 86 feet long by 68 feet wide, an area sufficient to give every Representative a separate desk. The desks will be grouped in pairs, with aisles so arranged as to allow the members full space in which to move about without disturbing one another, while in front of the seats there will be about 1000 square feet of floor area as compared with 620 square feet in the present Hall of the Representatives. The galleries are three in number, comprising the members' gallery, the ladies' gallery, and a large or public gallery, with an enclosed space for reporters. Opening upon the Representative Hall are rooms for the Speaker and Clerk, and an anteroom, reading-room, post-office, smoking-room, and coat-room for the members. The grand staircase stops at this floor, allowing space for a lobby or foyer 87 feet square, from which extend wide corridors, giving access to the Governor's apartments, the Senate Hall, the Hall for Hearings, the offices of the Secretary of State, of the Attorney-General, and the Library, all of which are here placed upon one level. In the central part of the completed building, in the fourth story, will be a dining-room 87 feet long by 32 feet wide.

The approach by the new elevation on Temple Street is secondary in importance only to the one on Beacon Street, and its symmetry, balance of part, simplicity, and dignity are in keeping with the design of Mr. Bulfinch, the architect of the original edifice. The central feature of this façade on Temple Street is surmounted by a pediment of grand proportions, and is flanked by colonnades, repeating in a measure the handsome Corinthian ordinance of the front. These features are not unlike in general effect the central portion of the famous colonnade front of the Louvre in Paris, the one opposite the Seine, designed by Claude Perrault, in which the pediment is the central feature. Here the pediment constitutes the only break in the sky line on this side, and does not detract from the value and importance of the dome above the front of the building. The Derne Street front will have a colonnade similar to the Beacon Street façade, and its entrance will be reached by a grand staircase to the ground-floor. There will be an appropriate doorway on Hancock Street, so that an entrance will open upon each of the four streets that bound the extension.

When the building is completed the person who stands at the entrance in Doric Hall will have before him the Senate Stairs, itself a hall of ample proportions, treated all in white or soft-colored marbles. This opens by a great arch into Memorial Hall; and beyond, through a corresponding archway, is the grand staircase of the House. In no building of this country can be found a vista giving a grander effect of height and breadth, and its proportions afford a unique opportunity for architectural skill in design. The main or central portion of the basement upon Derne Street stops ten or fifteen feet from the street line, and at the centre of this main portion a broad court-yard opens directly into the interior of the building. About this court-yard are located the offices of the Gas Commissioners, the Prison Commissioners, the Engineer, and other necessary apartments. The floor above the basement comprises in the centre a large court-yard, approached from Derne Street by spacious corridors. About this are located the office of the Chief of Police, the various offices of the district police, of the Board of Lunacy and Charity, the departments of the Out-door and In-door Poor, the Department of Civil Service, and the general offices of the Inspector of Charity.

The cost of the State-house extension is estimated at $2,500,000. The undertaking is in charge of a Board of Commissioners, the members of which are the Hon. John D. Long, Benjamin D. Whitcomb, and William Endicott, Jun. In the construction of this great edifice Messrs. Charles Brigham and John C. Spofford are the architects, and Mr. Carl Fehmer is the consulting architect.

A SATURDAY NIGHT STREET MARKET.

To the monotonous existence of the average metropolitan wage-worker the last day of the week brings its compensations, when, his labor done and tools cast aside at sundown, Saturday night, his night of nights, comes to him once again. To the banker, the merchant, or the manufacturer, Saturday brings no feature of pleasure which he cannot command on any day of the week; but to the clerk, the artisan, and the laborer, it is the day of days. It precedes his one weekly feast-day, Sunday; it brings him the wherewithal that enables him to settle his scores, to purchase some little luxury or necessity for his loved ones, or, if he has no domestic responsibilities, to give himself a Sunday outing. Living, as the working-man does, from week to week, Saturday is his calendar day to and from which he dates all things and incidents that go to complete the periphery of his life wheel.

In the narrowed lines of domestic economy that the wage-worker must from necessity dwell upon with his slender purse, the one phase that appeals most strongly to him is the source that may provide his creature comforts, according the maximum of quantity for the minimum of outlay. Quality is a secondary consideration, though seldom, if ever, ignored at the expense of the palate's sense or the stomach's good health. The Saturday night street market affords the means whereby his economy can be practised, and presents itself at once to his understanding as a popular and beneficent institution. It is a unique feature of New York's street scenes, and exemplifies the fact that what may be one man's loss is another man's profit. As each Saturday rolls around, the commission-merchants and produce dealers in and about the wholesale markets, after supplying the grocers and others in the early hours of the morning, find upon their hands collectively tons upon tons of produce and provisions more or less perishable. This stuff, if kept on hand over Sunday, will be practically unsaleable to any of the regular buyers on Monday, unless carefully looked after at the expense of much trouble and the foregoing of the Sunday holiday. The wholesaler prefers to sell his stuff for what it will bring, and the huckster is his customer in this emergency.

The huckster makes his appearance about the wholesale market from ten o'clock onward, and proceeds to size up his chances of profit in the various commodities that may be offered. He is sublimely indifferent in his choice of merchandise so long as he runs no great risk of getting "stuck" himself; fruits or fish, apples or onions, potatoes or poultry, they are all the same to him provided chances of profit are equal, for he can hawk any or all of them with like energy, noise, and tricks. He makes his choice, loads up, and seeks his market. He may have a regular route to cover, along which the housewives from their tenement eyries will be listening for his blatant horn, accompanied with shouts that are utterly unintelligible to the unaccustomed ear; if not, he takes up his stand in the street market, and waits patiently the appearance of the wage-worker and his wife after dark. It is here we have to do with him.

By grace of that august body of local legislators the Board of Aldermen, and perhaps because of a fellow-feeling for the mongers of beans, berries, and beef, the city ordinances relating to street nuisances and obstructions are suspended for half a day, from twelve o'clock noon to twelve midnight on Saturday, and only on Ninth Avenue from Thirty-fourth to Forty-second streets, and on First Avenue for a few blocks south of Fourteenth Street. As class distinction clearly pervades everything nowadays, so too does it enter and draw a line between these street markets. The distinction is fostered and maintained by the more substantial appearance of the Ninth Avenue patrons in comparison with those on First Avenue, and again by a radical difference in the quality of supplies sold at the two markets.

The Board of Health, recognizing the irresponsible nature of the business conducted by these peripatetic merchants, is fully alive to the necessity of a thorough supervision of these markets in the interest of the public weal. Seizures by the officers of decayed or unhealthful food are infrequent on Ninth Avenue, the hucksters having long since learned that such offerings were useless there; while, on the contrary, down at the First Avenue gathering the city offal wagons are regular and remorseless visitors, and they are pretty sure to carry away noisome loads of contraband stuff to the "dumps." Next to the "pig market" in the Hebrew quarter, and the garbage sellers among the Italian lazzaroni, the "licensed vender" of the First Avenue street market keeps the food inspectors most actively occupied.

There is a most pleasing contrast between the halting, hesitant, and poverty-ridden buyers on First Avenue, and the bustling, eager house-keepers who are looking for bargains on Ninth Avenue. For this is "bargain day" in comestibles, just as truly as are the bargain days in their own wares announced periodically by the big dry-goods and general stores. The hustling huckster is here in noisy multitude, lining every foot of the curbing with wagon and hand-cart, and encroaching upon the side streets for a distance on either side of the avenue. The wagons, heaped high with the various stocks in trade, are dimly lighted by the red glare from hundreds of smoky naphtha torches. The sidewalks are crowded from curb to house walls with a good-natured, struggling throng, nine-tenths of them women. Here and there a solitary man is seen, basket in hand, seeking some of the bargains; but as the unwritten laws of custom have declared that man has no rights at any sort of a bargain sale, the women treat him accordingly. He is elbowed in front and trod upon behind; crowded by a big basket on one side and a fat housewife on the other; even the peddlers ignore him in favor of the women, though they well know the latter will drive much the harder bargain. The poor man generally concludes his bargain hunt by fleeing the mob of women and loading up his basket at the store-keeper's regular prices.

The humorous features of the traffic are more than abundant; everybody seems to be chaffing, both buyer and seller, while goods are cheapened and sales go on uninterruptedly. Yet there is a pathetic side to it all too, as is seen when often a careworn woman struggles through the crowd, with babe on one arm and basket on the other, and perhaps a brood of children in her train. Her tale is told without words to the observant looker-on. A perfect babel of sounds adds confusion to the hubbub, while the variety of voice tones is certainly amusing, though anything but musical. The peddlers' alluring cries come forth from throats made husky by overstraining, from others husky through alcoholic paralysis of the vocal cords, and it is rarely that the full chest notes of manly vigor are heard in the din. In shrill contrast are heard the falsetto of the young huckster apprentice and the familiar ear-splitting soprano of the typical market-woman. She is here too in fleshly and vocal abundance, and it is a matter of peculiar interest that wherever she is found in pursuit of her calling her voice is always pitched at that one all-penetrating semi-shriek; whether she be selling cabbage and carrots at the street market, lemons and limes at Fulton Market, or celery and salsify at Washington Market, her voice pitch is always the same, and she finds her counterpart in the female who disturbs the daydawn in the City of Brotherly Love with her shrill echoes of "catfish and pepperpot."

Good wholesome beef is here on sale at five or six cents a pound, and for the all-nourishing Irish stew or the savory French *ragout* there is nothing better. The cuts are often the nether parts of a grass-fattened steer, the choicer bits of which have been sold at twenty or thirty cents a pound for manipulation by some Fifth Avenue *chef*. "Chuck roasts" are to be had at seven or eight cents: tender and juicy they are, though somewhat coarse in fibre. Poultry of all kinds is a staple at the street market, its perishable nature making it an easy purchase for the huckster if the wholesale dealer is overstocked on Saturday. A little circumspection in buying will often evolve a pair of good roasting or stewing fowls at seven

or eight cents a pound. They are not Philadelphia dressed, but they are very likely to be good. Turkeys and ducks are proportionately low. Fish abound generally, though sometimes prices are too high to warrant the peddler in taking any chances. That great culinary possibility, the cod, seems to be the favorite, though there is always a considerable variety of other kinds. It is best not to look here for salmon, pickerel, or other game fish. Vegetables of every kind are in superabundance, and at prices one-quarter to one-half lower than exacted by the grocers. In purchasing, a close observation of the peddlers' weights and measures is a very material part of the success of a night's shopping.

The street market is certainly a boon to the provident wage-worker, and a most practical argument to induce the shiftless to mend their ways. SCOTT THOMPSON.

RUSSELL SAGE.

BY EDWARD G. RIGGS.

WHILE it is admitted that Russell Sage has a substantial place in the community, there has always been some speculation as to the precise niche which he occupies in the affairs of men of this generation. Although associated with financiers and men renowned in the great corporations of the country, Mr. Sage's warmest friend would scarcely have the hardihood to speak of him as a financier, or rank him with the men whose daily lives for a quarter of a century here in New York have been as an open book to him. In Wall Street and in the financial arena, both at home and abroad, the interpretation given to a financier is confined to the little handful of men who conceive and who carry to successful culmination vast enterprises requiring at times the most comprehensive knowledge always associated with defiant courage. Mr. Sage has never been associated, at least in a public way, with any of these vast enterprises. But while he is not a financier of this class, he is one unto himself. His position in the community of Wall Street is summed up in these words: strange as it may appear after the remark that he can in no sense be numbered among the financiers of the generation, he can, nevertheless, take hold of almost any financial enterprise and put it upon a solid basis. Though the venture may be toddling along in weary fashion and in danger of utter collapse, with Mr. Sage at the helm and given undisputed authority the chances are that something will come out of it.

He is a financial economist. In a twinkling he can stop a leak, and make each penny in the treasury assert itself. He has neither the courage nor the temperament to bring to successful culmination the great enterprises of a Rothschild, a Vanderbilt of the old line, or to indulge in movements inaugurated by such a banking firm as Drexel, Morgan, & Co. But in his shrewd and calm judgment he can bring order out of almost any entanglement which may beset the treasuries with which financiers have to deal.

Although a member of the New York Stock Exchange for twenty-five years, he has never put foot upon the floor. His vast fortune of forty or fifty million dollars is constantly added to by dividends and interests rather than by speculations in stock. He is a great lender of money to bankers and brokers, and most of the hours in his business day are devoted to rolling up wealth in this way, and to attending the meetings of directors of corporations in which he is personally interested. For this he receives five dollars for every meeting. He still does a modest business in puts and calls, although from that hot day in June, '84, when he was reported to have lost seven million dollars, he has seemed to gradually curtail this branch of his business.

Few men in New York are on intimate terms with Mr. Sage. Although pages have been written about him, he is fond of remarking that the contents of the articles are of the most superficial character. It has frequently been said that Jay Gould is the only person in the city who is thoroughly acquainted with the career and methods of this unique money gatherer. In some respects this is true, and in others not. Mr. Sage is seventy-four years old, and in a sense is without a contemporary in the financial community. He was approaching fifty when he first met Mr. Gould, and from childhood he has been the reverse of voluble concerning his affairs. Mr. Gould was quite an insignificant person in finance when he first met Mr. Sage, almost thirty years ago. Mr. Sage, on the contrary, had at that time established his reputation as a wealthy man and also as a financial economist. He was known, too, and consulted by the eminent politicians of those days. Although within a few months of seventy-five years of age, Mr. Sage can truthfully be classed among the youngest men of New York. With scarcely a wrinkle in his face, with a step as brisk as a youth's, he has also many of the almost blithesome personalities of much younger men. His hair of iron-gray is as thick and profuse as when a school-boy in the Mohawk Valley. His eyebrows are heavy and almost shaggy, and there is just the faintest suspicion of dye in the whiskers on his chin and throat. One of his most marked peculiarities is that in conversation a merry twinkle in his blue eyes lights up his face.

When on serious subjects, the lid of Mr. Sage's right eye winks like that of the heavy villain in a comedy. Occasionally, and especially when the subject is of more than usual interest, the lids of both eyes blink alternately and very rapidly, and then, as if regretting his manifestation of interest in the conversation, the blinking will suddenly cease, and the face will light up again like a summer afternoon after a shower. His mouth most of the time has what you would call a comfortable smile. While there is always an apparent frankness of manner, there are quick intervals of hesitancy, as of a man constantly on guard and thoroughly cognizant of the value of words. Mr. Sage is usually attired in what are ludicrously known in Wall Street as slop-shop clothes. They are ill-fitting, and if diversity of raiment is an evidence of Anglo-maniaism, Mr. Sage is an inexcusable example. His coat, waistcoat, and trousers are frequently of different patterns. His shoes are thick and enduring, and his scarfs are of homely patterns. But at all times his linen is of immaculate neatness, and the little jewelry he wears consists of a modest gold chain and watch.

In the presence of ladies Mr. Sage ranks as a gallant of the old school. There is a certain homeliness in his courtesy which is attractive. In business life he impresses one with the belief that he learned at twelve what the average citizen of thirty to-day does not seem to fully grasp—that is, that there is but little if any sentiment in a man's business relations, and that if a man has an aspiration for wealth he must insist upon value received every time and also give it every time. This may occasion comment leaning to the criticism of ingratitude, but the man who exercises these principles will invariably be the winner for all that. Mr. Sage has no children, and once in speaking to me of this, the moisture was seen in his blue eyes. It was when he referred to the sons that Commodore and William Vanderbilt had left behind them, and to the fact that Mr. Gould and other of his very wealthy friends had sons to take up their affairs after they were removed. Mr. Sage never uses the word "death." If anybody in his circle dies, he or she has been "removed," and he refers to his own departure as "when I am removed." His wife and a distant relative are the only persons close to this man's great wealth.

The career of Mr. Sage is a thing to be classified; first, as the poor grocery clerk for his brother in Troy, and then as a retail grocer in business for himself, and after that, successively, as a wholesale grocer, a ward politician in Troy, a dabbler in railroads which were afterward consolidated into the great New York Central system, a Congressman at Washington, and then as a director in some of the railroads which now comprise the transcontinental system. Last of all, he is to be considered as a money gatherer in New York, in which relation he has associated himself with twenty-five corporations of national fame. He is President of some, Vice-President of others, and a director in all. He is chairman of the finance and expense committees of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company, the Western Union Telegraph Company, and others, in all of which he serves in that capacity because of his ability to prevent waste. His career disproves the saying that a politician is a man spoiled for any other occupation. Mr. Sage has rather seized upon his knowledge of men gained during his political days, and made it of vast advantage to him in his later ventures. Perhaps the fact that he was in political life before the days of heavy assessments levied on candidates has something to do with his eminence among the wealthy men of America.

His father's family was on the way to western New York from their early home in Middletown, Connecticut, when Russell was born at Verona, in Oneida County, this State, in 1816. Russell Sage's birth stopped the journey at this little village, and there the family remained. The father took up farming, and the boy, at six, went to the district school. Eight years later he was an errand-boy in his brother Henry's grocery in Troy. His evenings were spent in study, and he joined a debating society, where the knowledge he acquired helped him when he became a member of the Board of Aldermen from the Eighth Ward in that flourishing city. From the first he was an out and out Whig, and remained in the faith when that grand old party took its new name just before the war.

In a few years he owned a grocery shop of his own, and in 1839, under the firm name of Bates & Sage, he enlarged his business and became a jobber. All the firm's supplies were received by sloop from New York, and distributed through western New England and the upper counties of this State by teams. In 1841 Mr. Sage married Miss Maria Winne, of Troy. She died in 1867, after Mr. Sage had taken up his residence in this city; and two years later he married Miss Olivia Slocum, of Syracuse, who had been a friend and school-mate of his first wife at Miss Emma Willard's seminary in Troy. Just after his first marriage Mr. Sage began to interest himself in speculative railroad stocks. He had been fascinated with a ride of sixteen miles over the Hudson and Mohawk, running from Albany to Schenectady. The name of this pioneer road was afterward changed to that of the Albany and Schenectady, and interested in it were Thurlow Weed, then editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, and Louis Benedict, and a dozen other influential Whig politicians. From that hour Mr. Sage began to imbibe an interest in politics. He had himself elected chairman of the Whig committee for the Rensselaer Congress district, and he kept that place against all comers for twenty-two years. But he still kept his eyes on the railroads then building through central New York. He personally inspected the grading of the Utica and Schenectady, Syracuse and Utica, Rochester, Canandaigua, and Syracuse, and finally the Buffalo and Rochester Railroad, which completed the connections between Albany and Buffalo.

Wealth was rolling in upon him in the grocery business, and his partner, John W. Bates, retired with $150,000, a vast fortune for those days. In the mean time the municipal corporation of Troy had built a railroad between that city and Schenectady, and Mr. Sage, as a member of the Board of Aldermen, was made one of the directors of that road. He was afterward County Treasurer, and when he retired from that post he was elected President of the railroad, and held office when the road was consolidated with the general system between Albany and Troy and Buffalo. At that time, 1853, Mr. Sage was elected a director in the consolidated company, the New York Central. He served six years, and to-day is the only living member of the original Board of Directors. With the grocery business on hand, and while still engaged in these railroad enterprises, he continued prominent in Whig politics in Rensselaer County. By hard work he had secured the nomination for Congress in 1850, but was defeated by the Independent Whigs, known then as the Silver-Grays. Two years later he obtained the nomination again, and was elected. His majority was small. He was re-elected two years afterward by the unprecedented majority of 7000 votes. He had the support of the Know-Nothings, the Hunkers, and the Barn-Burners. He carried all before him. He attributes part of his success in this campaign to a stirring speech he made before the Board of Aldermen at just about that time. He is a Presbyterian, and he created a great flutter by appearing before the Aldermen in defence of the rights of a venerable German Roman Catholic priest who had recently come to town to assume charge of that parish. The City Fathers immediately put a tax on the clergyman's property, although none of the Protestant clergymen were similarly burdened. Mr. Sage maintained before the Board of Aldermen that this was unfair, and called upon them to revoke their decision. He was successful, and all the Catholics forgot his Protestantism and voted for him.

He spent a most active life during those days between Washington, New York, and Troy. Standing on the Troy depot platform one day at about that time he first met Mr. Gould. Jay Gould had acquired control of the Rensselaer and Rutland Railroad, and the meeting of the directors to turn it over and make it a part of the present Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's system was to be held in the waiting-room of the depot. Mr. Gould turned $150,000 by that transaction, and Mr. Sage says "he did it without any dress-parade business either."

While in Congress Mr. Sage served with the late Vice-President Thomas A. Hendricks on the Invalids' Pension Committee, which had charge of the Mexican pensions. He served also on the Ways and Means Committee, and he recalls with interest the struggle, lasting five weeks, over the election of a Speaker, and which resulted in the elevation of General N. P. Banks to that place. Every year or so the surviving members of that Congress gather around General Banks, and recount stories of the struggle and General Banks's victory by one vote. With Galusha A. Grow, David A. Wilmot (father of the Wilmot Proviso), Senator Lewis Cass, William L. Marcy (President Pierce's Secretary of State), and Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, Mr. Sage had a friendly acquaintance. With the first Mrs. Sage he lived at Willard's in Washington, and on Saturday nights would run over to New York, a trip that then consumed fourteen hours, to order goods for his grocery business in Troy.

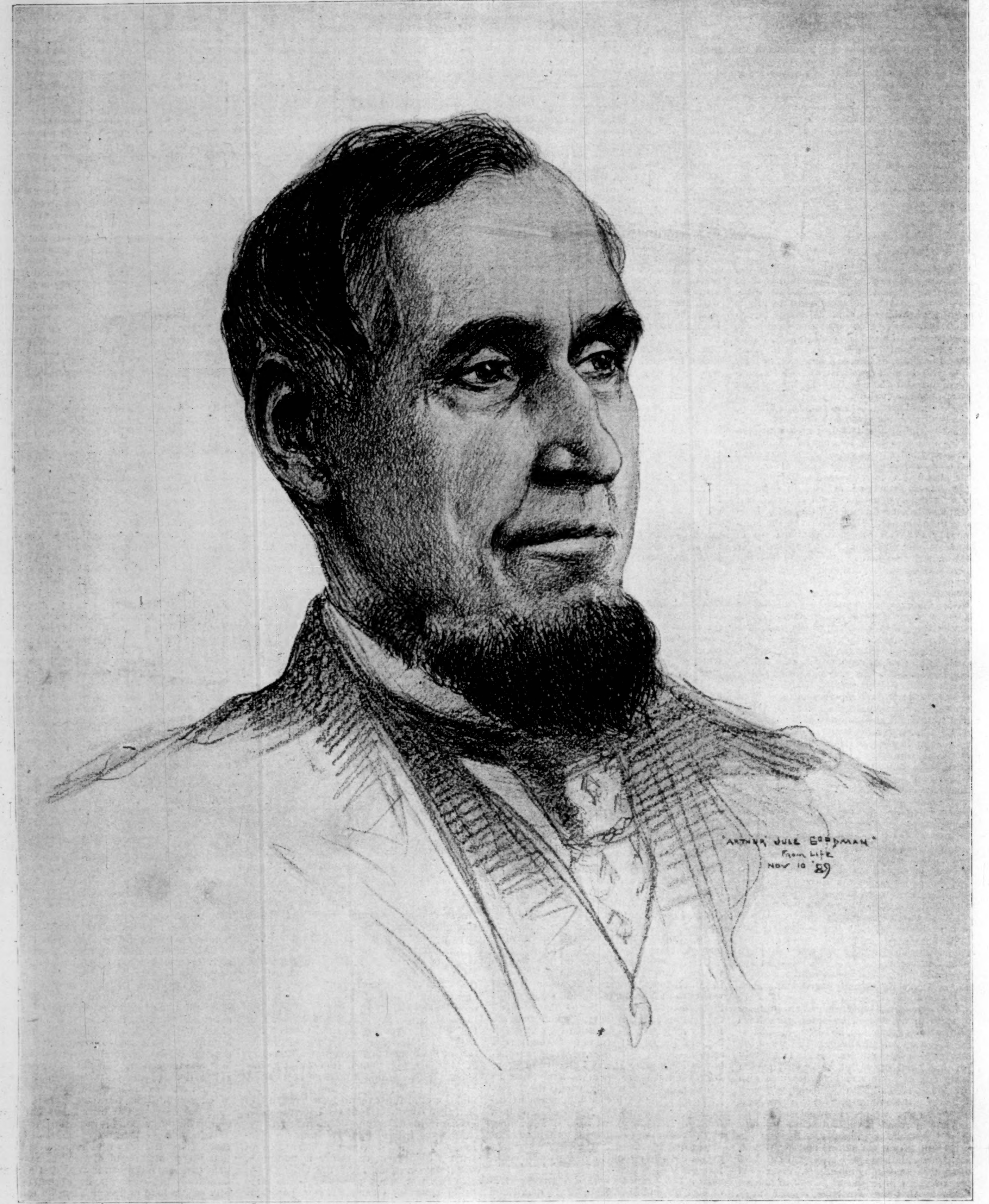
Mr. Sage tells a story which, in his opinion, will convey a comprehensive idea of what a politician, or rather a statesman, ought to be. Just after the close of the Mexican war, when pæans of praise were being sung for General Taylor, popularly called "Old Rough and Ready," Mr. Sage was deputed by the Board of Aldermen of Troy to come to New York with a fellow-Alderman and welcome Major-General John E. Wool, a citizen of Troy, on his return from the Mexican war. The saloon of the old North River steam-boat *North America*, in which the committee and General Wool were to return to Troy, was crowded with passengers. At the long dinner table there was a vast congregation, and Mr. Sage's colleague arose and addressed the audience in true spread-eagle style.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he thundered, "we have with us to-day the hero of Buena Vista. He is a child of Troy, and we are bearing him along to where beacons on the mountain-tops and songs in the valley will greet him. The thunders of artillery will tell of his return from glory. Our maidens will strew flowers in his pathway, and the matrons will welcome him as their guardian." There was fifteen minutes more of this, and the orator closed by presenting General Wool. The General received an ovation. He was easily flattered, and the speech had been accepted without a protest from him. He delivered a short address, and was cheered to the echo as "the hero of Buena Vista."

Mr. Sage was then introduced, and knowing full well that General Wool had accepted a compliment which should have been bestowed upon another, he started in to right matters. "I yield to no man or woman here," said he, "in extending the full measure of respect to our friend and neighbor General Wool. But I want to say a few words in behalf of one absent. His fame is known in every corner of this great country. He is a man of action, not words, and I want you all to unite with me in three hearty cheers for old Zach Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista," and Mr. Sage brought down his fist on the table with a crash that shook the glasses and rattled the china. General Wool and Mr. Sage's aldermanic colleague were silent until a great roar went up, and then they too swelled the applause. There were newspaper correspondents aboard of the *North America*, and they spread the proceedings far and near.

This occurred before Mr. Sage went to Washington as Congressman. In the rushing course of events General Taylor was elected to the Presidency, and at the same time William H. Seward became United States Senator. President Taylor did not like Mr. Seward. The Toombs and Stephens element, early in the Taylor régime, poured into the President's ears stories showing that Senator Seward was a rabid abolitionist, and bitterly opposed to the administration. General Taylor had been elected a Whig, though his enemies in the Philadelphia Convention, where he was nominated over Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and General Scott, spoke of him as "an ignorant frontier colonel who had not voted for forty years." General Taylor was a slave-holder, and although Senator Seward was a prominent Whig, he could not get any patronage, and there were complaints from Thurlow Weed and others of his constituents. The President, in fact, nominated to Federal office men opposed to the Seward-Weed faction. It soon became known in Washington that General Taylor had strong inclinations to vanity, especially with regard to his Mexican war record. Thurlow Weed turned up at Mr. Sage's house in Troy one evening, and told him he wanted him to go to Philadelphia and see Senator Seward. Mr. Weed had arranged to have Senator Seward meet Mr. Sage there before starting on his journey, and Mr. Weed outlined to Mr. Sage just what the trouble was, and told him that after consulting with Senator Seward, he must go on to Washington and disabuse President Taylor's mind regarding the Senator's attitude toward the administration. Mr. Sage protested that he did not know the President. He knew Reverdy Johnson, the Attorney-General, but that could not help Mr. Seward. Mr. Seward had but two friends in the Cabinet, Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, Postmaster-General, and Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, Secretary of the Interior; but they could not satisfactorily combat the statements of the Toombs-Stephens contingent against Mr. Seward. Mr. Sage met Senator Seward in Philadelphia, and got his instructions. They were simply to the effect that he must go to the President and tell him that he had known Senator Seward, and that any stories to the effect that he was opposed to the President's administration were untrue. Mr. Sage started on his journey, wondering what influence he, a perfect stranger, could have with the President. He thought it a fool's errand. With Reverdy Johnson he went to the White House, and was introduced to the old warrior. He told of his long acquaintance with Senator Seward, and protested that the stories of the Southern faction did his friend great injustice. The President treated him with the utmost affability, and said that he would look into the matter. The following day the nominations of the postmasters and other Federal officials antagonistic to the Seward-Weed combination were withdrawn. Mr. Sage was overjoyed at his success, but was still in the dark. On his return to Troy Mr. Weed explained the cause of Mr. Sage's success. General Taylor read almost every line that was printed about him in the newspapers, and Mr. Weed had learned that he was immensely tickled at Mr. Sage's defence of him as the hero of Buena Vista on the old North River steam-boat. General Taylor, in fact, frequently spoke of Mr. Sage's patriotism in making such a speech. And to-day, if anybody wants to know what a politician or a statesman is, Mr. Sage will refer him to Thurlow Weed, a man who could use the vanities of others to his own advantage.

But on this memorable occasion in Mr. Sage's life it is just possible that General Taylor recalled his course at the Philadelphia Convention. Mr. Sage went to that Convention enthusiastic for Henry Clay. He was supported by twenty-eight delegates from the State, not one of whom was prepared to accept General Taylor as a full-fledged Whig. On the night before the nomination Mr. Sage was invited to meet General Taylor's brother, on that occasion the guest of Josiah Randall, the father of the Hon. Samuel J. Randall. The President's brother, with the aid of Mr. Randall, convinced Mr. Sage that General Taylor was a Whig; and on the following

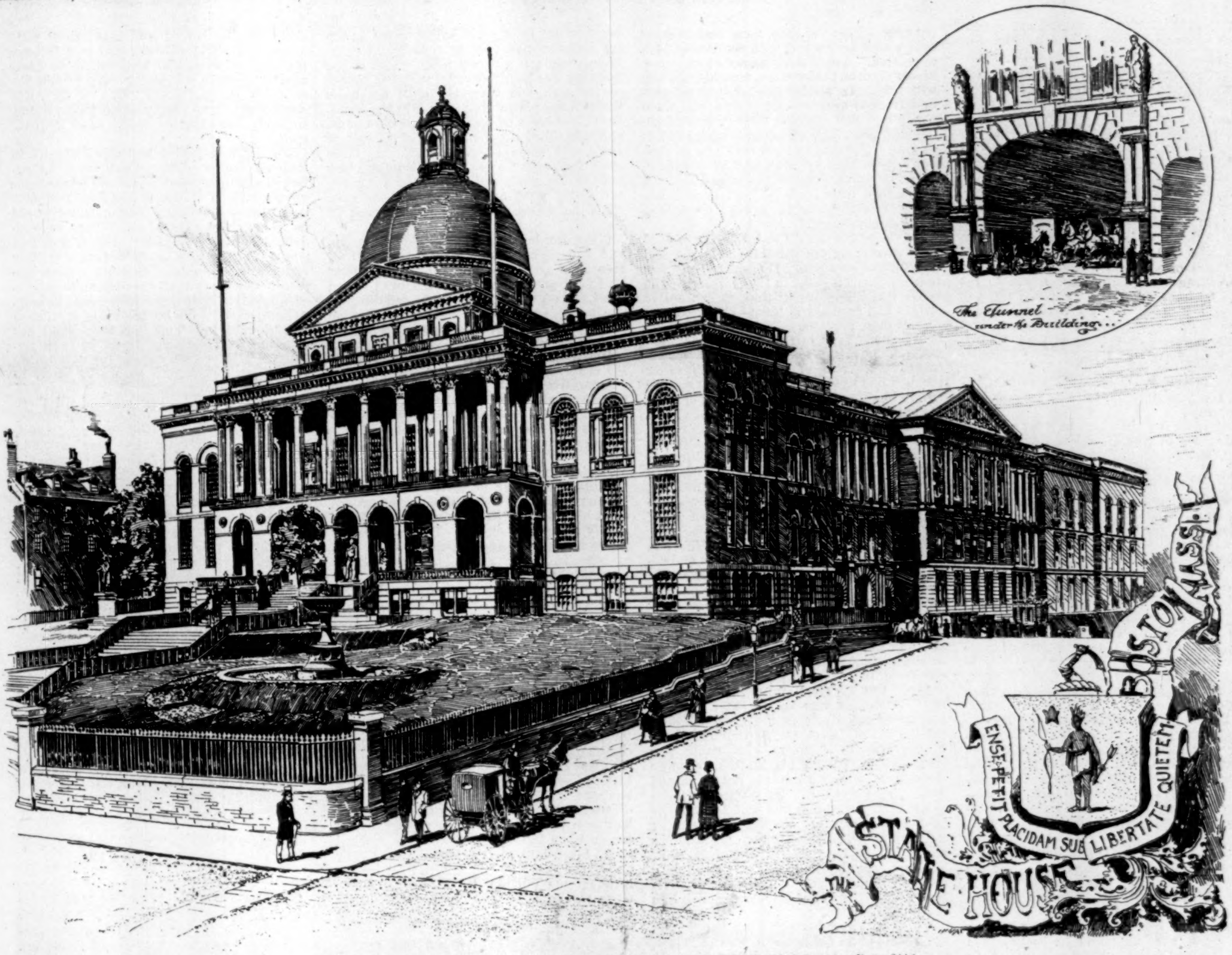


RUSSELL SAGE.—Drawn from Life by Arthur J. Goodman.

day in the Convention Mr. Sage cast the vote of the twenty-eight delegates for the old hero.

Besides being a delegate to the Convention which nominated General Taylor, Mr. Russell Sage was also a delegate to the Chicago Convention at which Abraham Lincoln was nominated. He was also a delegate to many State conventions in his day. In 1856 he retired from Congress, refusing a nomination because of the vast strides in his business enterprises, and for seven years he devoted himself exclusively to them. He assisted in the reorganization of the old La Crosse road into the Milwaukee and St. Paul, and subsequently became its President. When Alexander Mitchell came in as President, Mr. Sage took the place of Vice-President, and retained it for twelve years. When the civil war was at its height he retired from the grocery business, and took up his residence in New York. He bought the house at Thirty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue for $32,500, and in six months sold it for $55,000, and moved to his present residence, 506 Fifth Avenue. He was interested in the affairs of the Wabash and the Union Pacific, and he and Mr. Gould then began a friendship which has been without a break up to this hour. Mr. Sage's first office in New York was at 25 William Street, where, as Vice-President of the Milwaukee and St. Paul, he remained for a dozen years. He then leased a floor at 78 and 80 Broadway, and sublet an office to Mr. Gould. By that time Mr. Gould had retired as special partner in the firm of Gould, Martin, & Co., and William Belden & Co., and, with Mr. Sage, was intensely interested in the affairs of the Union Pacific. Mr. Sage remained in those quarters for three years, and then removed to 71 Broadway, whither Mr. Gould followed him.

Mr. Sage at his desk looks down into Trinity Church-yard upon the graves of Alexander Hamilton, Charlotte Temple, and scores who occupy niches in our Walhalla. In a year or so after taking that historic head-quarters, Mr. Gould moved up into the Western Union Building, and so he and Mr. Sage parted, as far as their offices were concerned, but the latter would count the day lost if he did not spend an hour with Mr. Gould at the luncheon provided by the directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He and Mr. Gould have pews in the church in Forty-second Street over which the Rev. John R. Paxton presides. Mr. Sage is a great lover of horses; and morning and evening, before and after business, he is seen spinning through the Park. He has never used tobacco in any form; but since the great panic in Wall Street in 1884 he has taken a spoonful of whiskey every night before retiring, and this is the limit of alcoholic stimulant indulged in by him. There are no holidays in this busy man's life. In the warm season he runs down after business to his cottage at Cedarhurst, to return the next morning; but winter and summer he is at his desk every day.



THE STATE-HOUSE, SHOWING THE ENLARGEMENT NOW BEING MADE.—[See Page 242.]

THE NEW COUNTY COURT-HOUSE.—[See Page 247.]

TWO NOTABLE ADDITIONS TO THE PUBLIC ARCHITECTURE OF BOSTON.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.

THE DIAMOND FINDER.

I.

ZASTROWSKI'S demands upon destiny were very moderate when he landed in New York in 1857. For his boy Paul he wished to get a place as apprentice to a confectioner—one who worked in chocolate. This did not prove difficult, and before they were here a week Paul was up to his elbows in sweets in the shop of a maker of chocolate bonbons. His only companion was thus provided for.

For himself, his ambition was equally modest. He had found out about the public store in Broad Street. In a beer-shop in Avenue A he met a German who worked there. Zastrowski asked him a thousand questions about it, all of which came round to the point that the labor was light and the pay good. But in order to get in there you had to have influence. The great source and fountain-head of influence was a man known as Peter the Pig, the boss of Mackerelville. Zastrowski saw Peter, paid him $100 ready money in the flimsy bank-notes of that period, and was duly appointed a laborer in a little while.

The public store in which he was appointed to labor was at Nos. 10 and 12 Broad Street, and it ran through to New Street. The building itself is one of the things of the past; as to its site, the Stock Exchange now covers the same ground. To this store were carted from all incoming ships selected portions of imported merchandise—cases, bales, or other packages—there to be opened and examined by the appraisers for the verification of the invoices. If a merchant imported twenty cases of dry-goods, the inspector sent two or three taken at random to the public store for examination, and they were examined by men supposed to have special knowledge. If the contents of these agreed in value and otherwise with the invoices, it was assumed that all were the same, and the whole importation was released upon payment of the duty. It would be dangerous to smuggle goods not on the invoice into any one case of twenty; for as the cases to be examined were taken at random, the chance would always be open against the owner that the inspector might take that case.

In those days there was no improved machinery in use for handling goods. Enormous cases and great bales marked A T S. and with other more or less hieroglyphical signs, were landed from carts upon the small-wheeled iron trucks, so moved in under the hoistway, there slung and raised to the second, third, or fourth loft, to the department of one or another examiner. Two men worked at the rope on every floor, and thus eight votes were supposed to be provided for. Perhaps a donkey-engine would have cost less, but it would not have been so useful at the polls. Zastrowski was at first one of the gallant fellows who pulled at this hoistway rope. On each loft were divisions to which cases were wheeled and opened for minute examination by the appraisers. Zastrowski soon shifted to his proper level in one of these places; and, oddly enough, he picked out the place for himself by the process of making himself useful at that point.

He had begun to study the store as soon as he got in. He was the only Pole there, but there were many Germans. He made the acquaintance of these, and went to see them in their several rooms when there was not much work on hand. This happened very often. There was many and many an idle day there, and on one of the lofts the boys used to play hand-ball for half a day at a time. In pushing his investigations into the various departments, Zastrowski found one where the goods examined were of the most miscellaneous nature. They examined anything and everything almost, from embroidery to Easter-eggs made in Vienna. The opener was a dull German, and the appraiser was a large, bumptious, blustering, burly fellow, very well informed, but he often confessed the limitations of his knowledge over the goods he had to pass upon. He thought, therefore, there was a dispensation of Providence in his favor when his opener, Schwartz, told him every now and then that this man Zastrowski knew something about these goods and all the languages of the invoices.

Kennedy, the examiner, tested this information, and found it to be accurate. He found Zastrowski could interpret all his invoices—French, German, Italian, Dutch, Portuguese; that he could calculate rapidly the value of all the foreign coin; and that he was a cyclopædia of information about nearly all sorts of articles classed as foreign goods. Kennedy called upon him very often, and finally made application to have him transferred from the rope gang to his room. He was transferred, and was glad. Schwartz was not sorry, for the possession of a helper gave him abundance of leisure for pursuing the study of politics in the beer saloons of his district.

II.

The routine in the opening-room was this: the appraiser was there from nine until three, the opener from seven until six. In the afternoon the opener knew what invoices the examiner had on hand for the next day, and he went about the whole store, found the cases in which the goods were, brought these cases into the room, and had them ready to open, and in the morning opened them, and had them all ready when the examiner came. Zastrowski did nearly all his work in the same cool, quiet spirit of industry apparently; yet there were certain cases over which he worked with something akin to passion. There were marks which, when he saw them on the invoices, seemed to fill him with fury. He always hunted up these cases first if Schwartz was away, and put them where he could examine their contents himself and be as little as possible under observation. If one could have seen him at such times, he might have seen that he compared marks on particular boxes in some cases with marks in a little book he kept about him; and at these times he was always in a state of nervous excitement.

He varied his usual routine in the case of these boxes; he opened them at night, and nailed them up again. He said to Schwartz that this made it easier in the morning. The boxes which Zastrowski thus opened nearly always had bonbons in them—imported candies of some precious fabrication from Paris or Vienna. Very often the bonbons were made of chocolate. But Zastrowski was evidently not fond of candy, for he never touched one to his lips. But he had a knife with a blade as thin as a sheet of paper; and many a time when he caught sight of chocolate bonbons of a particular form he would take one from the middle of the handsome little *bonbonnière*, slip that knife deftly through the middle, so as to cut the bonbon fairly in two, gaze vacantly at the middle, then put the two parts together, restore the bonbon to its place, and nail up the box with an air of profound depression and discouragement.

Zastrowski began to believe that life was a grand swindle; that the deceptions and delusions of experience so overwhelmed all the delights and satisfactions that the man who would not prefer never to have lived must be an irrational creature. Yet he was prosperous. He had been a year in the store, and half the money he had earned was now in the savings-bank. His boy was so well advanced that the confectioner paid him wages. But his great aim in life seemed to fail. Christmas was not far, and the bonbon trade was lively in the Custom-house. On the 7th of December, St. Clement's Day in the Russian calendar—his name was Clement—he passed his knife once more through a bonbon; but no, not through! Something stopped it. He slipped his knife along that something, and felt the quality of it, and grew pale. He was paralyzed for a few minutes, but his courage rallied. He nailed up the case without that box in it. The box was about the size of an ordinary octavo volume. He put it inside his overcoat, and carried it out of the store with him that night.

Zastrowski and his boy lived together in two rooms in an old house in Fourth Street, east of the Bowery. It had formerly been a fine house, but had fallen into the decay and degradation of tenement-house life. He was entirely himself when he got home. Paul was there. Zastrowski kissed him, and told him without emotion that this was the greatest day of their lives. The boy seemed to understand him. Then he hid the box in a cupboard, and they went out to supper. They ate and behaved themselves in all respects as usual, taking care not to vary in the least degree the regular routine of their lives. They then returned to their rooms, and Zastrowski, taking a book from a shelf, read a prayer in his native tongue. Next he carefully shut all the windows and the doors, spread a clean cloth over the table, and opened the box of bonbons. With one deft stroke of that thin knife and a peculiar twist of the blade in his hand, Zastrowski split a bonbon, and opened it, as you might a peach, without any injury to the outside edge of the chocolate. In the bonbon was a diamond—a diamond the size of the kernel of a small hazel-nut, cut as a brilliant, and as clear as if it were a solid portion of the glorified daylight of some brighter world than ours. Zastrowski's eyes glowed with a light like that in the heart of the diamond; he was ecstatic and enraptured; but the more prosaic boy scraped away a little of the inside of the bonbon, looked at it closely, tasted it, rubbed it with his finger on a piece of glass, and said, "Yes, I know it; but I must go get some stuff to make it." Thereupon Zastrowski let him out, and himself went on opening the bonbons. There were two layers of bonbons in the box, six in each row, and ten rows in each layer.

Every one was loaded. In some there were two diamonds, but these were smaller and not so clear. Each bonbon that had but one in it had one just like the first—a stone of marvellous beauty and great value. There were forty-four of these—just the number for a necklace that might be worth at least $100,000; and there were 152 smaller stones, that might vary in value from $100 to $500 each, not all of them very fine. But as the mass of 196 stones lay on the table, the blaze that spread from them seemed to warm the heart and call out the soul of Zastrowski. He walked around and around the table, and gloated in the light. Paul came in, and made a mixture of sugar and other stuff just like what was inside the bonbons; filled up the holes, and put the sides together, so that one could tell only with difficulty that the bonbons had been opened. And still Zastrowski gazed upon the treasure, and there was in his gaze more than mere delight over diamonds; there was some blaze of hate or revenge or love, you could not tell what.

Paul then went to bed, and Zastrowski waited till he was sound asleep. Then he brought out from some hidden place an auger, went to a part of the room he had previously marked, where a heavy beam of the building was thinly covered with the plaster of the wall, and there he bored ten holes through the plaster and deep into the beam. Into these holes he packed all the diamonds, and then filled up the holes with plaster of Paris, and smoothed the surface. At those spots the plaster was whiter than the other part of the wall; but he lighted a candle, and skilfully smoked it all of the same hue. Then he washed the auger, and went to bed.

Next day he was down bright and early, and had replaced the box of bonbons before Schwartz appeared. Two days later he found another box, and the next day a third, and on two nights he repeated this proceeding in every detail, and the total value of the diamonds he found was half a million of dollars.

But in the last find he did not put all in the beam; he kept out fifty small stones of comparatively little value. The minds of rogues are always unequal. If it was worth while to hide any, why was it not also necessary to hide every one?

III.

In the house of Schlossenstein Brothers, importers of fancy goods from Paris and Vienna, there was at this time a tremendous agitation and a terrible experience. It was a very prosperous house. They sold fancy goods in Maiden Lane and diamonds in a little office in John Street. They had made an immense amount of money in a very little while by introducing fancy articles hitherto little known in this country; but what was less known than their goods was the fact that they had been for several years importing diamonds and not paying any duty. The money thus gained was alone enough to make them rich, and they had never lost a stone. Such good fortune could not last; and recent shipments of diamonds of which they had been notified had failed to arrive. In these diamonds were invested nearly all the capital of the firm. If they were lost, the firm was ruined. The diamonds were to be in three separate cases, hidden in chocolate bonbons, the boxes of which were to be indicated by peculiar secret marks. The cases had been opened at their own place, in the presence of the brothers, and the marked boxes taken into their private office. They had opened the first box, and to their amazement found no diamonds. Ready to believe there was some mistake in the marks, they had opened every box of bonbons in the case, and found not a single diamond. Eager to seize upon any explanation that gave a hopeful interpretation of this apparently terrible fact, they had concluded that some good reason had prevented the shipment of the diamonds in this case, and that all would be in the next. But it proved that none were in the next, nor in the third. Had they been robbed? or had their cousin in Paris, warned of some danger, failed to send the stones? If he had, they would hear from him soon; and in the mean time they wrote in the most feeling terms about the alarm he had caused them. As the Atlantic cable did not exist then, and even the ocean greyhounds had not been imagined, they had to wait through many days of painful wonder and apprehension.

During these days of waiting the younger brother went over the bonbons again very carefully, and made the discovery that in the properly marked boxes, where the diamonds should have been, every bonbon had been cut open and put together again. He also believed that in the creamy contents of the bonbons there were two different mixtures. He put the mixtures under a microscope, and verified this opinion. There was a mixture made with beet-root sugar and another made with cane sugar—that is to say, a mixture made in France and another in America; and the mixture made in America filled the places in the middle of the bonbons whence the stones had been taken.

Before an answer was received from Paris four small rose-diamonds were offered for sale and bought at the shop of the Schlossenstein Brothers. They constantly bought diamonds, and were generally ready to pay higher prices than other dealers. They did this with intention. They knew that diamonds were worth more than the ruling prices, and they kept the prices up to induce sellers to come to them, for the lively trade they thus carried on covered their importations. If they sold always, yet bought none, and put very few through the Custom-house, rival dealers would wonder where their supplies came from, and might give a hint to the Custom-house people. They paid $100 each for the four rose-diamonds, and the uptown jeweller from whom they bought them had paid $80 each for them. The younger brother recognized these diamonds as described in the catalogue of the stones sent them in the third case. They had bought their own diamonds. These diamonds had then certainly been stolen here, and some one in the city was offering them for sale. Who was he? where was he? and how had he come by the knowledge of their great secret?

For the younger brother the main point now seemed to be the discovery of the robber. He saw the jeweller from whom they had bought the diamonds, told him they had been stolen from a customer to whom they had been sold by the Schlossensteins two or three months before, and that others were stolen with them, and engaged him to have the man watched and followed if he came again. He also obtained a very minute description of the vender, who, in fact, was Zastrowski, who had apparently become foolishly impatient to realize upon his treasure.

The Schlossensteins had this difficulty in their way: they could not call upon the authorities or the Custom-house, nor let out their great secret. To intimate that their diamonds had been stolen in the Custom-house would be to denounce themselves. There were no diamonds on the invoices. And if they had smuggled diamonds on this occasion, on how many other occasions had they done the same? By the law, all the diamonds imported would be forfeited, and they would be amenable to a fine of double the value of all they had brought in. This fine they could not pay, and imprisonment would be the alternative. Rather than expose the case to the authorities, therefore, it would be better to leave things as they were.

By the time they had reached all these conclusions they received word from France that the diamonds had been sent as planned, and consequently must have been stolen in America. And now Zastrowski suddenly saved them all further trouble as to discovery. His game he played boldly, and it appeared as if it was part of his plan that they should know who had the diamonds.

He returned to the jeweller to whom he had sold the four small rose-diamonds, and sold him four more of the same quality, size, and cut. The jeweller bought them; and then as Zastrowski went out he put his shop in charge of another person, and followed the vender to his home in Fourth Street, found that he lived there, and in what part of the house. All this he communicated to the younger Schlossenstein. He in turn watched the house until he identified Zastrowski from the jeweller's description, and followed him early one morning to the public store. He then began to perceive how the robbery had been possible.

He related all this to his brother; and his description of Zastrowski deeply interested the brother, who wanted to see this man. The brother placed him where they could see their foe as he passed in the street unseen by him.

The elder brother, when he saw him, only said, "Zastrowski!" He knew him.

IV.

Zastrowski had two boys, and his love for them was the whole of his life. His elder boy was now in an Austrian prison, condemned as a convict for a term of years, and for this awful calamity Zastrowski held the elder Schlossenstein responsible. His boy had been in the service of Schlossenstein, and Schlossenstein had cheated the Custom-house in Austria somewhat as he had done in the United States. But he had been caught and hauled up. He had, however, so ingeniously contrived the invoices and other papers that young Zastrowski had appeared to be the importer, and therefore the culpable party; and as courts enforce the law and not abstract justice, it turned out that the really innocent boy had gone to prison for the crime of his employer. Schlossenstein had the profit of the roguery, and young Zastrowski paid the penalty. But the case laid up a terrible score against Schlossenstein in the fierce and revengeful nature of old Zastrowski.

His boy had, however, been deeply enough involved in Schlossenstein's schemes to know all about them, and when he was in prison he told all this to his father. He told him all about the plan of putting diamonds in bonbons; told him the secret marks that were put on boxes in cases, that it might be known at a glance which one of the fifty boxes was the precious one; and so on. The point of this information was that Zastrowski might denounce the Schlossensteins to any government whose laws they were violating, and so cause their ruin. But when he possessed this knowledge he did not know how to use it. He did not know where to strike. They had a place in Vienna, a place in Paris, a place in London, and cousins in every city in the universe, and they sent cases into every country and out of every country. As old Zastrowski studied how to get at them, he rose to new conceptions of the game, and imagined that he could improve upon the scheme of denunciation. This thought had brought him to America, had guided every step he had taken in his still-hunt, and ended in his seeing the Schlossensteins at his feet.

They went to him, threatened him, bullied him; begged, appealed, prayed to him. They found him as hard to them as the Austrian laws had been to his boy.

He was not a thief. He held their diamonds as hostages for his boy. "Give me my boy, and you shall have your diamonds." "But he is in the prison; one must be the government to do what you say." "He is where you put him, and you who put him in can get him out; and if you cannot, your diamonds shall go to buy his freedom." That was the whole tune.

For hours they talked that all over, and reached no practical conclusion; but the Schlossensteins made the proposition that if Zastrowski would give one-quarter of the diamonds in hand, one of the Schlossensteins would go and purchase the freedom of his son, if it were possible, upon his pledge to give the remainder of the diamonds for the boy. He would not trust them. His only

answer was that if they could do that, so also could he—with the same diamonds.

Then they began to fear that he would slip away on that errand before they could accomplish anything, and that the diamonds would go with him. As they left him late that night there was murder in the mind of the elder Schlossenstein, and he spoke it to his brother; but the brother, who had now for the first time heard the whole story of Zastrowski's son, did not sympathize with the thought, and he said: "This man is perhaps the only living person who knows where the diamonds are. He can be easily killed, but to kill him would destroy the clew to the diamonds."

V.

Several weeks passed and no progress was made, but the Schlossensteins kept a watch upon Zastrowski, who went regularly every day to his labor. The man they employed in this service having observed that Zastrowski and the boy were away every day all day long, proposed to get in and try and find in their rooms some trace of the property, not knowing himself just what property it was, for they did not trust him. But the proposition seemed a good one, and was acted upon; and this man got false keys, and the three spent two hours in the rooms one day, and ransacked them from top to bottom, but found nothing. They did not even find the diamonds that were not in the wall, for Zastrowski carried them with him. This failure gave to the elder Schlossenstein the notion that Zastrowski carried all the diamonds with him, and revived in his thoughts the idea of murder; but the younger brother restrained all these thoughts. He was in fact in control, because the awful loss had in some degree disturbed the reason of the elder brother. Even the younger, however, thought much on the fact of Zastrowski having, perhaps, all that treasure on his person.

An important consequence of the visit to Zastrowski's rooms was that Zastrowski got acquainted with the detective who was watching him, for some of the occupants of neighboring rooms who had seen the detective on that occasion, and subsequently saw him on the street, pointed him out to Zastrowski, and as it was part of the detective's scheme to get in with his subject and pump him, they easily came together, and got on very good terms. But the advantage of this move was with Zastrowski, for he understood the detective, and the detective did not understand him; and the detective, moreover, did not know that Zastrowski knew him. The pumping process was a great success, for one day Zastrowski asked the detective if he knew anything about diamonds. Naturally the detective knew all about them. If there was a subject in the world with which he was thoroughly acquainted, it was diamonds. Could he sell some diamonds for Zastrowski? He could and would.

At this time Zastrowski was giving a great deal of attention to the movements of steamships, and to the times and hours of their departures; but he did not mention this to his new friend. He met him the next night in a handy beer-shop, and put into his hand five little rose-diamonds just like those he had sold to the jeweller. The next night the detective reported to him that he had sold them for $40 a piece, and wanted to know if he had any more. Zastrowski told him he could get plenty more. Thereupon the detective paid him $200, and Zastrowski was happy because he knew that the detective had by this transaction pocketed at least $200, and hoped to keep up the game. He wanted to put more diamonds into the detective's hand the next night, but late at night. The man was willing, but mentioned that it would be more convenient to him in the daytime. He had business in that part of the town all day, and had a side partner who came in the night, so that he did not want to be seen around there at night. This satisfied Zastrowski that he had made the sale on his own account, and had not taken the diamonds to the Schlossensteins, and was afraid that the man who watched at night would find him out.

So it was arranged that he should meet Zastrowski the next day but one in the street at seven in the morning as Zastrowski went to the public store, and give him ten diamonds of the same kind to sell at the same price. There were plenty, but he could not get more than ten at a time.

Zastrowski was very busy that morning. He took all the diamonds out of the beam as early as five o'clock, sewed them in a bag, and put the bag in his boy's pocket. Then they had their coffee as usual, and were ready to go out at the usual time; but there was a little change in the programme. The boy was to go to a certain corner and wait for his father. If his father did not come in an hour, he was to go to his shop, and in the yard behind the shop bury that bag somewhere in the ground, for that back yard was an old-fashioned garden.

Zastrowski met the detective that morning in the Bowery, gave him the diamonds, and agreed to meet him and get the money that night in the same beer-shop. The detective got on a Fourth Avenue car and rode away down town; and Zastrowski followed in the same direction until he was thirsty and stopped to have a glass of beer. Out of the beer-shop he went on another street, and joined his boy at the corner agreed upon. Thence they went to Thirtieth Street, took tickets for Montreal, and three days later were safe on a Quebec steamer going down the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Zastrowski sold his diamonds in Paris, and was a very rich man. His first act thereafter was to fee a good lawyer in Vienna, who found in the case against Basil Zastrowski no end of flaws, and who consequently soon obtained the liberation of that young man. In about a year the diamond finder purchased for himself the title of baron, dropped the name of Zastrowski, and when I saw him in Paris seven years since, he was pointed out as a man of financial genius, who had gone to America poor, and made an enormous fortune in little more than a year.

BLOODROOT.

FLAKE-WHITE or faintly tinted lavender,
With leaflets rich in shining orange veins,
Beside the pasture wall you shyly lift
Your fragile petals in the scented air.

When Martius blows his trumpet loud and shrill
You dot the rippling grasses daintily,
And smile through April's tears, and disappear
Only when May has flowered all the land.

Sweet fate to live a perfect rounded life,
Like the pale bloodroot by the crannied wall,
All in a green and gold companionship,
Knowing no season but the airy spring!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE NEW BOSTON COURT-HOUSE.

AMONG the many public improvements going forward in Boston under the auspices of the State, county, and municipal authorities, one of the most important is the new Court-house, now approaching completion. This edifice is intended to replace the gloomy granite structure in Court Square, which, since the year 1836, has served the various purposes of a seat of justice of Suffolk County. In its natural features the site of the new Court-house is admirably chosen. The ground slopes from its base on three sides, and upon the fourth a gentle ascent leads to the State-house, which, two blocks away, crowns Beacon Hill. The new building stands upon the easterly slope of the hill; two of its sides are bounded by Pemberton Square, a third by Somerset Street, and the rear of the building ends far down the slope to the north, where it abuts against a block of dwelling-houses upon Somerset Street. The material used in construction is granite from quarries in Maine and Massachusetts, except that a portion of the rear building, fronting on Somerset Street, comprising the part that is to be occupied by the city prison and criminal courts, is of faced brick trimmed with granite.

The new structure is massive but symmetrical in its proportions. The style of architecture is of the German renaissance. This mode of planning buildings that are to cover large areas is new in America. It originated about a hundred years ago in Europe, and is steadily increasing in favor, it being the style of the Palace of Justice in Paris, and of the more recently constructed buildings in Vienna and Brussels. The Hôtel de Ville, Paris, which was begun in 1770 and completed in 1853, is the first conspicuous example of the court-yard system of construction in Europe. Destroyed by the Commune in 1871, it was rebuilt on the same model, it being insisted upon by the French authorities that the original design be maintained as nearly as possible. The characteristic feature of this school of architecture is the succession of central courts, which admit abundance of light and ventilation to every part of the largest structure. In the building here described as being in the process of erection in Boston, four great courts, with an aggregate area of 14,632 feet, are required to fulfil this purpose. The area covered by the court building, including the inner open areas for light and air, is 79,-988 feet. The outside open area, exclusive of the adjacent street and square, is 5750 feet—making the total area of the site 85,738 feet. The building proper is 85 feet in height, and the top of the dome is 250 feet above Pemberton Square. The length of the edifice is 450 feet, and its greatest width 190 feet. The construction of this Court-house was begun under the authority of an act of the Legislature passed in 1885, the work being placed under the direction of a board of three Commissioners, Messrs. Solomon B. Stebbins, Thomas J. Whidden, and Godfrey Morse, appointed by the Mayor of Boston. A competition was entered into among the architects of the county, and about thirty responded. The examination of the plans submitted resulted in the selection of the designs prepared by Mr. George A. Clough, an architect of Boston, under whose direction the building is now being erected.

The corner-stone was laid on June 6th, 1887, and the probable time of the completion of the edifice is 1892. Its total estimated cost is $2,500,000. The building contains most ample and convenient accommodations for the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth, of the Superior Civil Court and Criminal Court, of the Municipal Criminal and Civil Courts, of the Probate Court and Registry, and of the Juvenile Court and Inquests. The sheriff's and similar offices are located on the ground-floor, adjacent to the main entrance. All entrances for judges and jury are in the rear of the building.

RECENT ENGLISH CAUSES CÉLÈBRES.

MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS as a criminal lawyer has a reputation not limited to England. Those peculiar cases known as *causes célèbres* attract universal attention, and as the name of Mr. Montagu Williams has been so often attached to them as representing the defence, the ways of the English criminal lawyer have been fairly well understood.

Starting with the well-known axiom that every man is innocent until proven guilty, Mr. Montagu Williams, in his *Leaves of a Life*, shows what are the methods by which "an intelligent jury" may be made by dint of talk to see sometimes what is really black as white, or if not white, gray, and so the dark cloud of suspicion having been removed, a halo of light (more or less theatrically obtained) may be cast on the man arraigned at the bar. There can be no question that errors are sometimes committed—man is but fallible—but still in the careful reading of Mr. Montagu Williams's experiences—and he states that "he has defended more prisoners than any living man," his practice extending from 1862 to 1886—we do not find a single case of a grave character, where the life of an individual being at stake, there had been miscarriage of justice. English courts are chary of exercising their dread powers. If there is the least uncertainty, the man charged with capital crime does not suffer death. If imprisonment be a mitigation of punishment, he has the milder sentence of confinement for life. Differing from us in one respect, our ideas of mercy being quite as keen as those of Englishmen, the pardoning power is more curtailed in England. Another point in favor of the general English public is the absence of that false sympathy which makes an idol of a convicted murderer.

Mr. Montagu Williams seems to have had many advantages on his father's side; he came from a family who followed the bar. Having been well educated, recalling in his book his school life at Eton, at the beginning of his career he entered a militia regiment, and in time obtained a regular appointment in the army at the close of the Crimean war. Leaving the service, he became an actor, having, when in garrison towns, tried theatricals as an amateur. He mentions engagements at Manchester, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. While on the boards he married Miss Keeley, the daughter of a well-known actor. Finding difficulty in making a living, Mr. Williams then took to writing farces, made a translation of a French play, and was moderately successful. He also tried his hand at periodical literature. These diversities of calling were useful to the future criminal lawyer. He became intimate with many rising men in art and journalism, and the cultivation of his theatrical tastes gave him that power of elocution which becomes of no small service at the bar.

With sharpened wits, having tried a good many things, it was at his father-in-law's suggestion that Mr. Williams sought Sergeant Parry for advice, and became a law pupil. Perhaps without that mental power necessary to master the profounder problems of jurisprudence, Mr. Williams's natural inclination went toward criminal business. He tells us that in lieu of "poring over pleas and dry opinions," it was his habit to repair "to the Central Criminal Court, otherwise known as Old Bailey," where he would sit listening intently to the trials. In 1862, the future Q. C.'s time of apprenticeship being up, he hung about the courts, doing nothing for a session or two. His first case was to defend a man for horse-stealing; and Mr. Williams tells of his stage-fright and how confused he was; so much so that when the case was concluded he hurried home to his wife and said: "My dear, I shall never go to court again. I've mistaken my profession. I must try something else." But it was not long before he found his way back to the Old Bailey.

The first important business was his defence of Catherine Wilson, charged with administering an ounce of sulphuric acid to Sarah Cornell. Catherine was a second Brinvilliers. Her occupation being that of a nurse, it was her habit to wheedle her patients into making her some legacy, and then to poison them. The evidence that Catherine Wilson did administer sulphuric acid to Sarah Cornell was absolute. The bed-clothes had holes burnt into them by the corrosive liquid. What Mr. Williams was to try and show was that Sarah Cornell died because a slight blunder had been made by the nurse, or if not an error on her part, it was a mistake by the apothecary. The judge, Baron Bramwell, pointed out that the defence was untenable, and the jury (there being no accounting for juries) thought just the opposite, and "not guilty" was the verdict, and then, perhaps, Mr. Williams's reputation was made. Was the prisoner free? Yes; but only for an instant. Before she left the dock she was arrested on another charge of murder—that of Maria Soames. This time it was only an overdose of colchicum that had hastened a patient's departure. It really was hard that the criminal lawyer who had cleared Catherine of poisoning with such a visible substance in its effects as sulphuric acid, should have found any trouble with a much less positive material like colchicum. Mr. Williams of course relied upon the well-known difficulties of detecting a vegetable poison in the blood after a short lapse of time. Maybe the sweet Kate would have gone forth again to try her gentle art of getting away with her patients by means of other drugs, but the judge said this in his summing up: "Gentlemen, if such a state of things were allowed to exist, no person could sit down to a meal in safety." "Think," observes Mr. Montagu Williams, and rather comically—"think of this, too, when the jury were about to take their luncheon!" Then came what was a just decision, a verdict of "guilty," and it is hoped that Catherine suffered the due penalty of her crimes. After the verdict the judge complimented the lawyer on his skill, in the proper professional manner, but added, "if it will be any satisfaction to you, I may tell you that in my opinion you have to-day defended the greatest criminal that ever lived."

Another case where the peculiar talent of Mr. Montagu Williams was displayed was in his defence of a man accused of murdering a woman who was the landlady of a small wayside inn. The corpse was found in a pool of blood, the head literally severed from the body. The drawers, the cash-box, and the till had been rifled. The terrible part of it was that the accused had received the utmost kindness from the widow when he came to her starving some time before. He had become her manager, and Mr. Williams, with just pride (professional, of course), adds that circumstances pointed to the manager as the author of the outrage. The cleverness of the criminal lawyer was such that he convinced an intelligent jury that the manager was innocent, and the client was acquitted. "That same night, after drinking heavily, he (my client) passed down the High Street of the town, and holding out his right hand, exclaimed, 'My counsel got me off, but this is the hand that did the deed.'" Continues the author: "A man cannot be tried twice for the same offence, and to my perpetual regret this ruffian remained at large."

The author has some amusing stories about

AN INTERESTING MOMENT.

CROWD (*in elevator*). "How soon does this elevator go up, boy?"

ELEVATOR BOY (*reading a weekly paper*). "Jes as soon as I find out if the gal who leaped from the cliff was caught by her feller, who stood on the rocks one thousand feet below."

RATED AS A NO. 1.

FARMER'S WIFE. "Who is that horrible-looking man at the gate?"
TRAMP. "That's a friend of mine, mum."
FARMER'S WIFE. "Well, he's the worst-looking thing I've seen in seventeen years."
TRAMP. "He ain't very pretty, mum, I'll admit; but between you and me he stands very high in our profession."

juries. Among the jurymen when a case was being tried by Mr. Montagu Williams there was a butcher who was supposed to hold a very decided opinion as to the merits of the case. Ballantine challenged him, but could not get him out. When the case was awaiting the decision, the jury would not agree, and was instructed by the judge to retire, and try to come to one mind. It took two days before the jury was unanimous, and when the jurymen had to respond, the butcher was the last to say "Here." Mr. Montagu Williams writes:

"The judge, who, I have no doubt, guessed pretty accurately what had occurred, did not look toward the jury-box. It is perhaps as well that he did not. I did. I never saw such an extraordinary looking object as the butcher. His coat and waistcoat were torn from his back, his very shirt sleeves were tattered, and his face was besmeared with blood.... There had been all along a strong majority against the butcher." The poor man had given what might be called "an unbiassed opinion."

How to influence a jury is a master art, and Mr. Montagu Williams is an adept. He cites the case of a friend who was defending a horse-thief, who certainly had stolen the animal. The lawyer was a Worcester man born, and a great favorite. At the close of the prosecution, finding everything against him, he said: "I was born in your county, and my people were with you for two or three generations.... A change has now come over my life. Her Majesty has sent for me to make me one of her own counsel.... I shall never address you again. This is the last time my voice will be heard in this ancient hall. Let us part as we have always been—the best of friends." Mr. Montagu Williams, who must have been laughing in his sleeve, declares, from a display of handkerchiefs, that one or two of the jurymen were in tears. After this snivelling farce the verdict was "not guilty."

Another amusing case of the prejudices of a jury happened in London. Mr. Montagu Williams had a whole batch of cases on his hands, and the defence always had the jury on its side. There was one suit, however, which the author declared had justice on his side. A florist had founded a joint-stock company, in which a Lord Suffield was a director. The company went to smash. One of the stockholders brought suit against the florist for false pretences—selling stock when he knew his concern was going to break. "On reading my brief," writes Mr. Montagu Williams, "I was convinced of the *bona fide* of my client.... I looked for a galloping acquittal." But such was not the case. Lord Suffield's testimony brought into prominence the unquestioned honesty of the florist. Anxious to discover why the jury hung, one of the jurors told Mr. Montagu Williams: "Ah! he's your client of course, and we know you're very stanch. But not a bit of it. I hate them d——d lords. What business, sir, has a lord to turn shopkeeper? What right have they to become tradesmen? Let 'em be lords or let 'em be tradesmen. I don't like 'em as lords; but when they combine the two, you may depend upon it there's fraud somewhere, and they don't have no vote of mine."

Mr. Montagu Williams's connection with the Percy Mapleton *alias* Lefroy murder, of 1881, is of such recent date as to have been well known in the United States. In the appendix may be found the full text of the address to the jury. Another case in which the author, Williams, figured was the defence of George Henry Lamson. This man, who was a doctor, in order to obtain certain legacies had undoubtedly taken two lives. In the latter case the skill of the lawyer depended on bamboozling the experts, who had to determine the character of the poison. It was evident that Lamson, besides being a toxicologist of merit, was also a prestidigitator of no small skill. He did the business really more cleverly than a Wilkie Collins could have written it. Despite the lawyer's talents both Lefroy and Lamson went to the gallows as they deserved. The Turf Swindles, the case of Madame Rachel—the woman who enamelled other women—the Dobbs murder, and many other criminal suits were managed by Mr. Montagu Williams.

"My collie's name was Rob." That serves as an introduction to the author's own particular dog story. Rob was stolen by a gang known as the "Forty Thieves." Do what he might, the criminal lawyer had to compound with felony, and it cost him twenty pounds to get back his "dawg." When paying over the money, Rob's master modestly remarked that, knowing who he was, he thought it rather too bad of them to steal his dog. Why, we don't know.

"Ah, that's the best of it," said one of the thieves. "Lord, sir! you should have seen how my pal Bill her did laugh. 'Ain't it rather hard,' says I, 'to take the counsellor's dawg?' 'Not a bit, Jim,' says he. 'He's had a good lot out of us, and why shouldn't we get a little out of him?'"

But the criminal lawyer, when he got back Rob, harbored revenge, and his turn came in time. In England the penalty for dog-stealing, even after previous convictions, is eighteen months' hard labor, a dog not being a chattel. One of the "Forty Thieves" stole another dog, and there was a collar on that dog. In court Mr. Montagu Williams recognized at a glance his Shoreditch friend. The proof that the dog was stolen was evident, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty; but that was not all, for the lawyer expressed his intention of trying the prisoner for the theft of the collar; and that, if proven, was felony. To the eighteen months for the dog another twelvemonth was added to the term of confinement, to run consecutively. That sentence staggered the prisoner. "He put his hand up to his head, and looking very hard at me, muttered, as he was hurried off to the cells: 'Thought he'd have me some day. He's made me pay d——d dear at last for those pieces.'"

NATIONAL BANK CURRENCY.

When the national bank system was brought into existence twenty-seven years ago, it was regarded chiefly as a means of furnishing a steady market for a large amount of government bonds. It answered that expectation fully. Later, as the market for government bonds became larger and more natural, so that a special class of buyers for them was no longer needed, the workings of the system had approved themselves to the people in all parts of the country, and the number of national banks continued to increase. The uniform value secured for national bank-notes saved money everywhere in the domestic exchanges, and the protection given to depositors by the strict requirements of the law was more and more appreciated. The popularity of the system appears to be still spreading, if not actually increasing, and new applications for charters under the national bank act are received almost daily by the Comptroller of the Currency. The fact that bank circulation has been voluntarily surrendered to a very large extent has not diminished the desire to organize banks under this law, and even in cases where established banks have left the national system to return to State control, the reasons for the change appear to be exceptional and not general. That there are some difficulties to be contended with, felt more in the reserve cities than elsewhere, cannot be denied. The changes in the price of government bonds and the lending value of money account for most of them. Circulation has been surrendered, we are told, because it ceased to be profitable. A more direct statement of the case would be because the advance in price made it profitable to sell the bonds by which the notes were secured.

The large reduction in bank circulation during the past few years has made many people uneasy about the continuance of the national system. Bonds have been reduced rapidly in amount; the Treasury has bought and cancelled, from August 3, 1887, to March 15, 1890, no less than two hundred and sixty-one millions of United States bonds, at a cost of $306,556,991. This evidence of frightful overtaxation has had the effect of alarming some people as to the future basis of national bank-notes; and no wonder, if such a surplus revenue is to be continued. Neglecting, therefore, the probabilities of a reform which shall cut down the revenues to a suitable amount, some observers have devoted considerable thought to devising a plan for the issue of national bank-notes in which government bonds may be greatly economized. Mr. John Jay Knox, formerly Comptroller of the Currency, but now President of the National Bank of the Republic, New York city, is the author of a plan of this kind, which was introduced as a bill in the House of Representatives of January 16, 1890, by Mr. Dorsey, of Nebraska, chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency.

Mr. Knox proposes that the circulation of a national bank, instead of being wholly based upon government bonds, and limited to 90 per cent. of the par value of the bonds, shall be divided as follows, viz.: 35 per cent. of the notes to be secured by bonds, but issued to the par value of the bonds; another 35 per cent. secured either by bonds in the same manner, or by gold coin or bullion, or by silver bullion at its market price, and in either case to the full value; and the remaining 30 per cent. to be secured not by a specific pledge, but by a newly devised Safety Fund.

This Safety Fund is to be started with a donation of a million dollars taken from the existing redemption fund, and to be increased by the duty now levied on national bank-notes, which is 1 per cent. per annum. Judging from the small amount of notes of banks which have hitherto failed, the calculation is offered that this Safety Fund would prove as effective as a deposit of bonds. And with this free portion—30 per cent. of the notes—it is calculated that national banks would find a profit of 1½ per cent. in taking out circulation on this plan, even with 4 per cent. bonds at 126 as the basis of 35 per cent. of it. The calculation, it may be added, is considered by some bankers as too favorable in underestimating the expenses.

The metallic reserve, permitted in this scheme for 35 per cent. of the circulation, is evidently expected to be silver bullion at market price, and provision is made for the case of a decline in price.

The scheme, as a whole, would largely reduce the amount of bonds required; at present it takes $10,000 of bonds to secure $9000 bank-notes, where $3150 of bonds would meet the requirements of the scheme, supplemented by $3150 in metal, and $2700 of Safety Fund. But it is doubtful if the people are ready to exchange the present simple rule—notes secured by bonds with good margin—for so complicated a system. It would take some time to persuade them of the equal merits of the Safety Fund. They would object, and properly, to the deposit of gold as security; all the gold available is wanted, under our system, as reserve against deposits. But the proposal to utilize silver in this manner will probably satisfy no one. Certainly it will be regarded by the so-called "silver men" as a device to head them off; while people who are afraid of the steady increase of silver coinage will be likely to prefer Mr. Windom's more adequate and direct plans for meeting the silver problem. Ingenious as the whole scheme is, and plausible if a new system had to be built up from the foundations, if a bank currency had yet to be created, it still seems academic rather than practical. The reduction in national bank circulation, large as it is, has been unfelt; the silver notes have more than filled the gap. The only money whose withdrawal hurts us is the money of full legal tender locked up in the Treasury to redeem surrendered bank-notes, now amounting to $63,000,000. This is the money that is painfully needed; there is plenty of money which is not of legal tender afloat at the present time. And there seems to be better grounds now for expecting a good supply of bonds on which to base circulation than for some years past. A reduction in the revenue is now probable, with resulting diminution in the Treasury purchases of bonds. The 4½ per cents. mature next year, and it is to be supposed that part of them will be renewed at a lower rate. The 4 per cents. will be cheaper if the Treasury cannot buy them freely; they are already 3 per cent. lower than they were in January. And even if things remained as they are, in respect of the price and supply of bonds, the people would probably prefer the security they are accustomed to, though they might be persuaded to allow the issue of notes to the par value of the bonds and to take off the unnecessary tax of 1 per cent. per annum on bank circulation.

HENRY J. MACDONALD.

New York, *Thursday evening, March* 20, 1890.

DON'T GO OFF BEFORE YOU ARE READY,
Particularly on a long journey. Be fully prepared. You cannot be, permit us to say, unless you are accompanied with the traveller's and tourist's *vade mecum*, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most genial of appetizers, acclimatizers, and promoters of digestion. Against sea-sickness, malaria, cramps, and colics, begotten of badly cooked or unwholesome food and brackish water, nervousness, increased by travel, chronic biliousness and constipation, the Bitters is a sovereign preventive. It imparts a relish for food not altogether to your taste, and prevents it from disagreeing with you. Never was there such a capital thing for the unfortunate dyspeptic who stands in dread of the best-cooked meal. Stomachic trouble caused by ill-prepared viands aboard ship, on steamboats, and rations hastily bolted at railway restaurants, is soon remedied by the Bitters, which gives a quietus also to rheumatism, kidney troubles, and insomnia.—[*Adv.*]

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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Contain ingredients which act specially on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary efficacy in all affections of the Throat, caused by cold or over-exertion of the voice. They are recommended to Singers and Public Speakers, and all who, at any time, have a cough or trouble with the throat or lungs.—[*Adv.*]

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Nicholson's Liquid Bread is the tonic *par excellence* for dyspepsia, ailments of the respiratory organs, wasting and nervous maladies, &c., &c. Give it a trial. Your grocer or druggist keeps it.—[*Adv.*]

The fashionable ladies' corrective tonic is Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned tonic.—[*Adv.*]

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Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

For purifying the blood, stimulating the appetite, and invigorating the system in the Spring and early Summer, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is unsurpassed. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla and no other; else the result may be anything but satisfactory.—[*Adv.*]

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THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT THE GREEN STREET ENTRANCE TO FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

THREE NOTABLE MONUMENTS.

AN ORNAMENT OF FAIRMOUNT PARK.

THE Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati decided many years ago to erect a monument to the Father of his Country. A fund was raised and trustees appointed, of whom Mr. Richard Dale is chairman, and the commission was awarded to Professor Leopold Rudolf Siemering, of Germany. As far back as 1879 there was dissension in the society concerning the place where it was to stand, some persons advocating Washington, D.C., others New York city; but meantime the fund increased, and now the monument is certainly destined for Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. It will occupy the chief place of honor at the Green Street entrance to the Park; a width of 200 feet will be guaranteed for its proper setting off, with 60 feet clear on each side of the monument, and the Park Commissioners have promised to expend $20,000 on the embellishing of the surroundings.

Professor Siemering has at last finished the monument, which consists of a large equestrian Washington, in bronze, on an elevated pedestal, two bronze groups of three or more figures against that central body, bass-reliefs on two sides, four recumbent figures on low pedestals upon the platform, and eight large animals couchant on projections level with the platform between the eight stairways of approach. About a score of figures, therefore, decorate this grandiose memorial to George Washington. As a whole, it will surpass in elaborateness and in cost any memorial, other than a building, which Philadelphia can show. The citizens will no longer approach their pleasure-ground by a mean entrance, but along a wide avenue graced by portals and by this monument, whose cost alone will doubtless stand for much in the estimate made of it. The sum of $400,000 is said to have been paid for Siemering's Washington.

That sculptor is hardly known in America, but he has had a career in Germany. Born at Königsberg in 1835, he studied in Berlin with Bläser, and in 1860 made a mark with a statue of Penelope. He executed the seated marble statue of King William in the Berlin Stock Exchange and the War Monument at Leipsic. He began with portraits in relief, and has made his best mark in that line, particularly through reliefs shown in 1871, when the people of Berlin welcomed the return of victorious armies; reliefs that represent the popular uprising in favor of the war the year before. For Cassel he made, in 1878, groups in bronze of soldiers going to and returning from the war, and for Marienburg, in 1877, a monument to Frederick the Great, with Frederick on horseback, and four subordinate warriors about the pedestal. In 1872 he took the second prize for a Soldiers' Monument in Hamburg, and competed for the Goethe Monument in Berlin. That city has a memorial by Siemering, to commemorate the oculist Gräfe, in the grounds of one of the hospitals, which is said to have some originality. It is evident that the professor does not belong to those prophets who lack honor in their own country.

Approaching the Washington monument, one notes at first the equestrian statue dominating the whole. The horse is much the same in movement as that of H. K. Brown's Washington in Union Square, New York. The rider wears a three-cornered hat and an ample military cloak, which adds picturesqueness and mass to the figure. He reins the horse's head in pretty sharply, and looks away with the gesture in the head of a commander surveying troops on the march to positions. Next one sees the animals lying down as guards of the eight stairways. They include the grizzly bear, panther, American stag, buffalo, horse, ox, and so forth. The four recumbent figures, male and female, come next. They occupy a higher plane than the animals, being raised above the platform's level by low couches which act as pedestals, and their office is to preside over broad basins at the top of the small stairways into which they empty water. Thus the idea of a fountain is introduced into the lower tier of the monument. A nearer view opens up the bronze groups at the narrow sides of the oblong square pedestal for the equestrian statue. They are symbolical groups referring to America and the struggle for liberty. Ascending the broadest stairs on the sides of the monument, the wider sides of the pedestal contain reliefs giving incidents of the Revolution, while the plinth spaces, which have wreaths in their centres, carry inscriptions. The corners of the pedestal are cut off, and these, together with the cornices and the spaces that narrow upward to the roof on which the horse stands, are enriched with mouldings and decorative work of various kinds.

Professor Siemering has been a long while at work on this monument, at least eight years, and probably much longer than that, if one counts back to the original sketch which gained the approval of the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati—a society which, when formed after the Revolution, aroused a good deal of unfavorable comment, because the Americans of that day suspected that it might grow into an aristocratic body, which would renew distinctions of rank, and some day exert an influence prejudicial to government by the people, has proved in time anything but a foe to republican ideas. After the rebellion it was imitated by the Legion of Honor, which so far has not done great harm. Philadelphia is peculiarly a city where a certain reverence for birth and family has lingered, and it is fit enough that the local branch of the Cincinnati should honor Washington in this way, for the society was formed largely to support the first President, and its members are, or are meant to be, descendants of those who fought under him for liberty. And though Philadelphia contained a body of ill-wishers to the United States even larger than New York, it must never be forgotten what sacrifices were made by many of her citizens in the cause of the people. The Sons of St. Patrick helped Washington over many a hard bit of road financially, just as the poorer Irish, entering by Philadelphia in that period, embarked their lives gladly in the armies of the republic.

A German sculptor, and particularly one who lives in Berlin, can hardly be expected to design a monument to Washington which shall express what Americans think of and feel for him. The Washington of Fairmount Park is not the severe and noble Washington of Union Square; neither is it the admirable expression of personality we find in Houdon's standing portrait in the rotunda of the State-house at Richmond. But considering his difficulties, Professor Siemering has done well. He has made an ornate and imposing structure, with a profusion of bronze decorative statues and reliefs, such as the Teuton loves to contemplate, between sips of beer, from his seat in a restaurant. Horse and rider are ample if not majestic, and the eye follows from one of the lower pieces to another with a certain curiosity. Fastidious people may become a little bored with the tame wild animals, whose connection with the monument is somewhat strained—somewhat difficult to understand. Probably they indicate a desire to get something American into the monument. But in the long-run one wishes them somewhere else, just as one feels pain at sight of too many iron dogs and stags about the villa of a successful merchant. There is, however, every reason to suppose that the gentlemen who selected Professor Siemering's designs represent much more truly the taste of the average Pennsylvanian than do persons who turn up their noses at merchants' villas and their surrounding menageries in metal. There is good honest effort in Professor Siemering's work, and if Heaven has not made him a genius, there are few sculptors in any land who deserve that term. Refuge can always be taken, on the principle that money tells, in the price that has been paid for the Washington Monument. Think of it! Four—hundred—thousand—dollars!

THE EQUESTRIAN LEE FOR RICHMOND.

THE capital of Virginia has the best statue of George Washington in existence, made by Houdon in the last century, and a monument of some degree of merit, representing Washington on horseback, with various generals about him, designed by Thomas Crawford. But it has no monument in public to General Robert E. Lee, who occupies in the affections of the Virginians a place perhaps superior to Washington. Lee is the real hero of the Lost Cause, partly because he was a Virginian, partly because he fought a brave fight, but also for the reason that he had personal qualities which endeared him to civilians and military men in a greater measure than Jefferson Davis and Lee's fellow-generals possessed. These qualities were known and appreciated before the rebellion broke out, and became during the four years' struggle and the dignified and silent after-life of the man intensified in Southern hearts to the pitch of hero-worship. Few commanders have deserved better the affection lavished on Robert E. Lee. For secession was not at all to his liking, and he only yielded to the wave of provinciality in his State, though he himself had a wider view of the situation. Whether we are to consider this yielding weak or heroic depends on the point of view. At any rate, the people of his State owe him much for bending to their will when once they had set their hearts on secession, and can hardly do less than erect a memorial to one who made their folly glorious, and became a martyr to their headstrong wills.

An equestrian statue will be raised this spring to General Lee in the city which he defended valiantly and long. Finding few sculptors of eminence in the Southern States, and disliking to ask of a Northern artist an effigy of their old commander, the commission for the statue went to Paris for a sculptor. They chose Marius Jean Antoine Mercié, a comparatively young but by no means obscure artist, who is associated with Monsieur Falguière in the monument to Lafayette, at Washington, D.C., which is to stand opposite the White House, on Lafayette Square. Monsieur Mercié is what they call in France a *méridional*, having been born at Toulouse in 1845. He studied with Geoffroy and Falguière, took a *prix de Rome* in 1868, studied in Italy the sculptors of the Renaissance, and received the Legion of Honor in 1872, with the officer's cross in 1879. His bronze statue of the young David in the Luxembourg Palace collection is often pointed out as his masterpiece. It was shown in 1872. Others call the Muse of Art on Pegasus—"Gloria Victis," 1877—the greatest of his achievements. In 1879 he showed a statue of Arago, the naturalist, full of curious and beautiful detail, and the tomb of the writer Michelet, which has been severely criticised. His seated statue of Monsieur Thiers was unveiled at Saint-Germain in 1880. Mercié has given bass-reliefs to the Louvre façade, and executed very excellent statues of animals which vie with those of Mêne and Frémiet, if not with the animals of Barye. He is still a young man, and in all probability will come to the United States in order to attend the unveiling of one or both of his monuments for Richmond and Washington.

The horse which Lee bestrides in Mercié's statue has all four feet to the ground, but is in the act of walking slowly. A forefoot is planted in advance, and the hind foot on the same side is about to follow suit, but has not yet entirely quitted the ground. The head is bent a little to one side, and the tail just swings clear of the flanks. The general's dress is simple to severity, a characteristic found among the commanders on both sides, who commonly avoided the trappings and pomp of war. He is girt with a sash, and wears the sword of a commander of cavalry. No epaulets appear, but the coat sleeve bears on the forearm an ornament in broad braid. He holds his hat in the right hand hanging by his side, and the reins in the left. The feet are tipped into the stirrups, and are not perfectly on a line, the right foot being slightly in advance. Calmness and determination are shown in the bearded face. He seems to be reviewing troops; and we may suppose that the moment chosen is that in which he examined the Army of Northern Virginia before pressing onward to his fate at Gettysburg.

It is unfortunate that a foreigner should be the one who designs the statue of a popular idol, but if foreigner it must be, then Mercié is a sculptor well chosen for the task. There is great repose in this statue, but of dulness or heaviness not a trace. The horse is alive, yet has the minimum of liveli-

ness. The figure is posed easily and naturally, without that grip of the knees which horsemen talk about, but do not employ when moving slowly, and there is considerable distance between foot and foot. The riding boots, sash, coat, and gauntlets are modelled with ease, like habiliments of every-day wear, and the horse's mane and tail, and the hair on the head and beard of the rider are broadly and vigorously turned. The model which Mr. H. D. Nichols has reproduced in pen and ink was sent by the sculptor from Paris to Richmond. Notes and suggestions were made, and it was sent back with various clothes, trappings, and appurtenances of the general for further development. The large model was completed and has been cast in bronze; an envoy from the commissioners telegraphed last week from Paris that it was very satisfactory. Great are the preparations for its unveiling. One suggestion is to have the statue hauled to its place from the train by hand-power, which is to be supplied by the enthusiastic populace. There will certainly be a grand reunion of Confederates in Richmond at that time, and the statue of General Lee will be installed with greatest pomp and rejoicings possible.

THE STATUE OF PRESIDENT WOOLSEY.

UNLESS it be one of Elihu Yale himself, no statue is more appropriate to the campus of Yale University than that of the late President Theodore Dwight Woolsey. His impress on the college for half a century was decided. A scholarly man in thought and appearance, he was fitted to offer an example of what a scholar should be to the young men emerging into active life. Without having much literary instinct, he valued literature, but was more concerned with the two departments wherein he made his mark, theology and the classical studies; and so he kept Yale close to the traditions of her foundation by effecting, only with the greatest circumspection, such changes in the faculty and curriculum as appeared necessary. Dr. Woolsey was, however, by no means wanting in liberality; his training and work merely prevented him from embarking rashly on changes from the earlier methods of instruction without a thorough consideration of the ground. President Noah Porter, who followed him, began much more important changes in the curriculum. Perhaps it may be said that the latter had what President Woolsey lacked—the outside support which began to be felt at Yale when the alumni secured representation in the councils of the university.

The man who governed Yale for so many years, and was instructor from an early age, deserves the best of monuments. He was a New-Yorker by birth, but a college man by training, and that in the best sense. Dr. Woolsey had a personal quality that made him beloved without loss of respect. He had a vigor of character which would shine through his eyes when some misdeed by graceless youths roused the indignation of the just. Yale graduates and undergraduates will expect a sculptor to do good work if the subject is President Woolsey.

The wood-cut gives a fair idea of the statue modelled by Professor John F. Weir. He is a son of Mr. Robert Weir, the painter, is better known as a painter than a sculptor, and has charge of the Yale Art School. The campus already possesses one bronze statue modelled by him, that of the elder Professor Silliman, which stands before Farnam Hall. In that monument Professor Weir was not successful. The elder Silliman was an extremely courtly old gentleman, with a benevolent and handsome face, and the manners of a Chesterfield. But the bronze looks like a Western Senator of a half-century ago or a squire from some remote district. A glance at the cut will show, however, that Professor Weir has not fallen into error in this case. It is President Woolsey in old age, clad in his official gown, leaning forward, with an intent look on his firm and well-formed countenance which is very characteristic.

This intentness bordered on fierceness, but did not mean severity. With one hand lying loose on his lap and the right hand holding a book partly open on his knee, with legs crossed in an easy fashion and the body leaning a little forward, the figure is that of Woolsey the Teacher listening keenly to a recitation. The robe falls in simple and rather hard lines. The chair is a plain one with rounded back, made after a Greek pattern. It alludes to the Greek professorship which he held for fifteen years, and the series of Greek tragedies which he edited for the use of schools. The effort sought was realism, and the object of the sculptor has been very fairly attained. It should be observed that Professor Weir, while realistic, has not been trivially so. The face is modelled in broad masses, and the hair treated without niggling. The pose is natural, easy, and not without dignity, as suited to the simple manners and inbred gentlemanliness of President Woolsey. Yale should be congratulated on a professor who can do good work in sculpture as well as painting, and on the acquisition of a monument worthy of the subject and the university.

The place for this statue is not yet fixed, but it will probably stand in the northern part of the quadrangle not far from Alumni and Durfee halls. There is room for it on the corner of Chapel and College streets, directly in front of Osborn Hall, which acts as a corner entrance to the new system of buildings. These will gradually become more regularly quadrangular as other structures are raised and the old brick row is removed. But that spot would be better fitted for a statue of Elihu Yale. It might be placed directly in front of or behind the Old Chapel to mark its site when that building has to give way with the rest of the old brick row, and also to recall the years when President Woolsey read morning prayers and preached many a fiery sermon there to unregenerate American youth. Wherever it shall stand, the statue will always recall a long life of spare living and high thinking devoted to the good of rising generations and the interests of Yale.

THE MONUMENT TO ROBERT E. LEE TO BE UNVEILED ON MAY 29 AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

BISMARCK AND GERMANY.

I.

THE great space which Bismarck has occupied in Germany may be measured to some degree by the conflicting character of the guesses that have been made as to his successor. The public at large, seeing no one statesman ready to carry on the work of the retiring Chancellor, were inclined to conclude that there was but one great German capable of steering the ship of state, and to indulge in some of the despondent reflections that good men entertained when Washington refused to be President a third time. The Father of his Country rightly concluded that a Constitution was not worth having that depended for its vitality upon the existence of any one man; and the German Emperor would be showing little confidence in the fruits of German culture did he despair of his government because one of his ministers saw fit to resign.

Bismarck's early years were spent after the fashion of the Tory country squire of his day, the English counterpart of which we are all familiar with in the pages of Addison's *Spectator*. The German who wishes to designate briefly a man with very little knowledge, but enormous self-conceit; of meagre income, but of vast pretensions; coarse in his manners, yet boastful of his pedigree; a hater of all popular rights, but still more savage against a government that would curtail his—this man, the type of the petty privileged country squire, is by Germans held up to contempt under the title of *Yunker*. In a community of this kind was Bismarck born, in the very year that liberty-loving Germans were sacrificing their all for a dream of united Germany, and raising the troops that were to stain with their blood the battle-grounds of Waterloo and Ligny.

At six years of age—that is, 1821—the little Tory was put to school in Berlin; in 1832 he went to the University; in 1839 he commenced to take a share in farming the paternal acres; and it is only in 1847, when he is thirty-two years of age, that we hear of him as a public character. In this critical year, just before the great popular movement that was to rear barricades in the streets of Berlin, and wring from the King the constitution that had been promised already forty years before, Bismarck came once more to the capital, this time not to play the part of the docile school child, but as a delegate of his fellow country squires, charged with the mission of opposing all popular measures, particularly the framing of a constitution.

The young delegate, however, needed no spur to animate his hostility to popular liberty, and especially his contempt for the constitution that was demanded. Jeffreys holding court after the defeat of Monmouth, or Archbishop Laud catechising Covenanters in the Star-chamber, were no stancher champions of the doctrine of passive obedience than was the Bismarck of 1847. From his point of view, Heaven was to be thanked for sending the Prussians not only a King to sit on the throne, but above all a large and prolific aristocracy to keep the peasants in order and—fill the governmental posts. Why any loyal Prussian could desire more than his Yunker and his throne, he, for one, could not see; and the idea of introducing such a foreign thing as a constitution was, he thought, not merely opposed to the doctrine of the divine right of kings—it was far more; it was a menace to the more precious right of government by Yunkers.

That the late Chancellor maintained his side vigorously no one can doubt who has heard him in debate, but that he failed to convince the country of the justice of his position is equally true and far more gratifying. However, he succeeded in impressing the government with the important fact that in him they had an ally who was afraid of no one, and was, moreover, endowed with more vigor and acumen than all the rest of the high officials put together. Just such a man was needed; and after employment in many official, particularly diplomatic, capacities, we find him at the age of forty-seven at the head of the Prussian state, the right-hand man of the present Emperor's grandfather, William I., in the year of grace 1862. From this time on his movements became of world-wide interest; no one cared any longer what this, that, or the other political group might say or think, but all tried to find out who talked with Bismarck, what the Chancellor said, or at least whether he frowned or smiled.

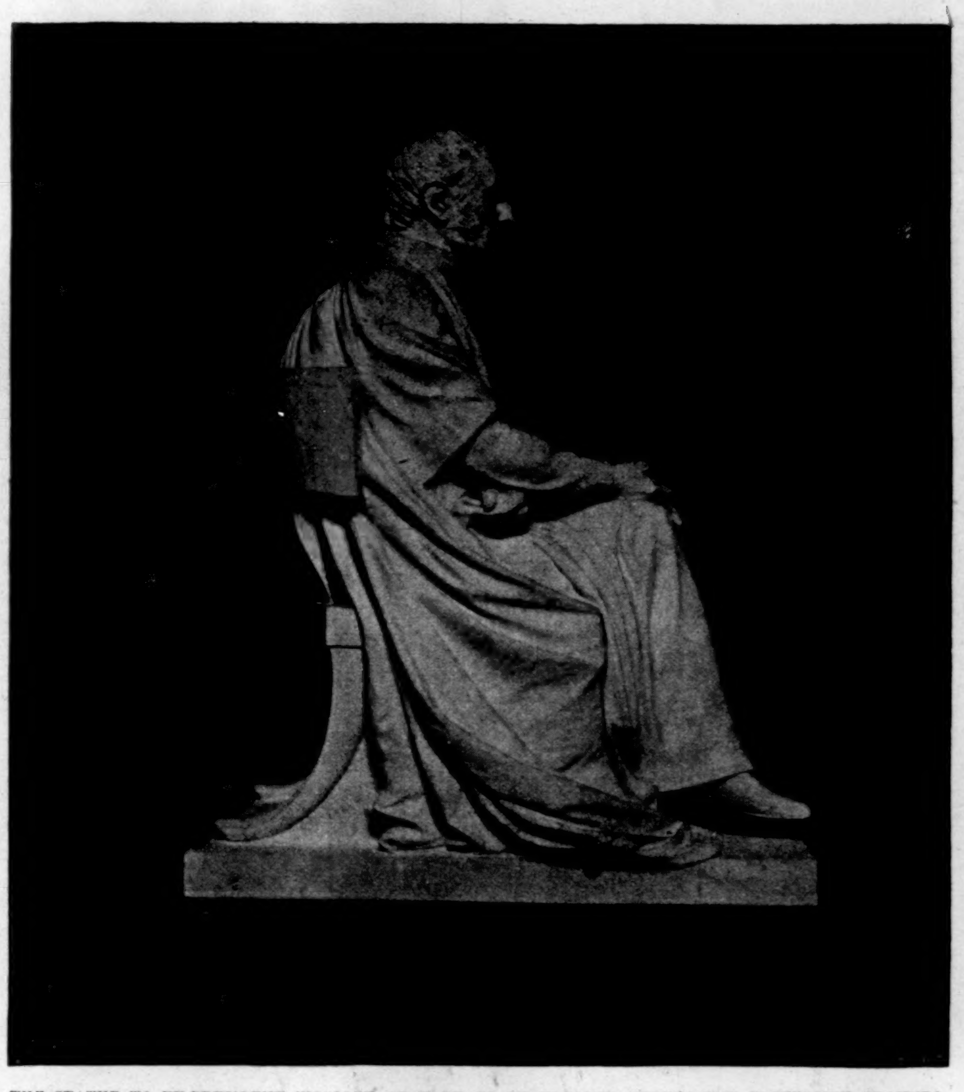
In Germany at last there was found one man who had not only the knowledge of the statesman, but what was far more needful, the courage to make that knowledge effective. Since the great Frederick no King had come to the throne whose want of courage had not been conspicuous, nor did any of them long keep a Prime Minister who differed from themselves in this respect. Stein might have made Elsass a German province in 1814 had Frederick William III. been possessed of courage enough to follow his advice; but what a weak King failed to do then was gloriously accomplished by his son in 1871, a son whose glory it will ever be to have kept at his side for a full quarter of a century so courageous a servant as Bismarck.

Courage is of different kinds, as we know. The courage that enables one man to fight a battle is not always great enough to sustain him in retreating after defeat. One man dies because he has not the courage to live; his neighbor lives because he is afraid to die. The courage that sustained Washington at Valley Forge was of an order inferior to that which made him at a later day strongly condemn those who sought to make him king. Bismarck's courage manifested itself in a way that would have made cowards of Washington, if not Cromwell.

The Parliament of 1862 insisted upon their right to control expenditure; Bismarck insisted equally upon his desire to have them do as he liked. On their side was right, on his was might; the people's representatives were sent home, and Bismarck raised taxes for his extraordinary military expenditures without the consent of that power which is particularly indicated by the constitution as the one to be consulted, namely, the Lower House.

In the following year the farce of summoning Parliament was repeated with the same result. The people insisted upon their constitutional right. The Prime Minister answered by using his might. They were again sent about their business, and not only for this year and the next, but each succeeding year down to the memorable 1866, when constitutional rules were for the moment forgotten in the universal national intoxication that followed the humiliation of Austria, and the corresponding elevation of Prussia.

At this time came two other factors calculated to reconcile Germans to Bismarck's past political misdeeds. One was an attempt upon his life, which drew to him universal personal sympathy; the other was the creation of the North German Union, with a system of popular representation and a constitution much like that under which the German Empire now works. All but severe moralists had now to confess that though Bismarck had been guilty of such violence to the constitution as would have sent an English minister to the block two hundred years ago, yet they could afford to overlook it. Bismarck had frankly asked forgiveness, they said; he had concluded a war glorious to Prussian arms; had made a peace that placed Prussia at the head of a great homogeneous German Confederacy; had arranged for a free parliament to represent this new Germany; had been attacked by an assassin—in short, if a Prussian ever was to be forgiven, here was a unique opportunity for such an act of grace. And Bismarck was magnanimously forgiven by the people whom he had wronged.



THE STATUE TO EX-PRESIDENT WOOLSEY, OF YALE, TO BE ERECTED WITHIN THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS.
[SEE PAGE 250.]

In 1870, as we all know, German troops drove the French before them from the Rhine to within the walls of Paris at such a rapid rate that people in the rear of the armies could scarce believe the despatches, so burdened were they with uninterrupted news of more prisoners, more victories, more progress toward Paris.

In the winter of that year, while German rulers leading the troops of united Germany were for the third time in the century camped about the capital of France, what more natural than the proposition to perpetuate the union that had borne such glorious fruit, and to consecrate this great battle-field by rearing here, the scene of Germany's final struggle, a German union—the German Empire. The late Emperor Frederick warmly urged this union upon the smaller states, and though we have no evidence that Bismarck was the author of the movement, he is justly entitled to the credit of having managed the diplomatic side of the question with extraordinary skill and success. No living man can claim the idea of the German Empire of to-day. It was a burning question in 1814, and the generous heart of Gneisenau nearly broke with grief when he marched his Prussians back from Paris, having failed then to bring about this splendid result. From that day on, the German patriot, whether on the shores of the Baltic or the banks of the Danube, has cherished as his political ideal a German Empire of the future, and this aspiration has never been absent from the song and poetry of the father-land. If the realization has been slow, it has been not because the plain people of Germany have not longed for it, but because their interests were in the hands of selfish rulers, who jealously dreaded the ascendency of Prussia.

Bismarck made Germany in the sense that Lincoln freed our slaves. The popular cry was with them both, and they recognized the justice of the call.

Would that Bismarck could stand comparison with our great President in more respects than this!

II.

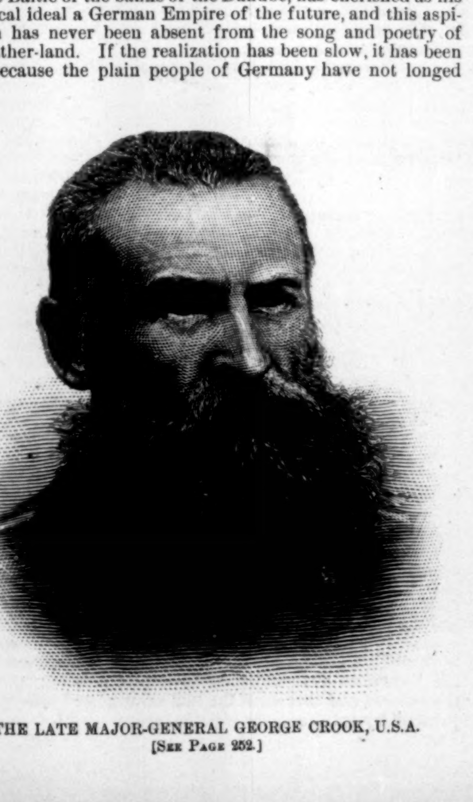
We now come upon the same Bismarck in a new rôle, one so different from that in which he has played before that his best friend might hesitate to pronounce upon the likeness. We have seen him developing from the country Tory to the head of the state. He was the betrayer of his country's liberties for four years; and then, after what passed for genuine repentance, we discover that circumstances of the most opportune kind have caused him to be regarded by all Germans, regardless of party, not only as the savior of his country, but the champion of civil liberty and constitutional privilege. Party lines were for the time obliterated. To be a Prussian was to be Bismarckian, for to be Bismarckian was to be a patriot. The converse was then recognized as equally true, that to be opposed to Bismarck was to be unpatriotic. In these later days honorable and able politicians have disagreed with Bismarck without losing a whit of their right to be called patriots. The late Chancellor, however, has never altered the definition current in 1871 that no patriot can be against him; his enemies, therefore, can only be those of his country. On this theory he has consistently acted, and has not hesitated to emphasize this doctrine by permitting petty persecution against such as have seen fit to vote against his bills.

Up to the close of the Franco-Prussian war Bismarck's public life may be said to have occupied itself almost exclusively with managing foreign countries; his personal relations had been principally with government officials and diplomats, when not occupied with his farm servant or peasants. As compared to such men as Cobden, or Lincoln, or Stein even, few men of his position have had such scant intercourse with the people that make up the public opinion of their country.

It is difficult in either his conversation or his published writings, voluminous as they are, to meet with any evidence that he understood the people of every-day life, or had any sympathy for the manifestation of public sentiment. People he regarded as so many bricks to a house, so many men in a battalion, so many hands on a farm — very good while in their proper place, but absurdities when they began to talk and read the newspapers. His new constitution demanded a semblance of free speech and free press, so he gave it, but the substance he retained. He found means of harassing such public speakers as annoyed him by a timely hint to the local police and officials—a hint that usually proved sufficient. As for the press, he took into his hands the editing of pretty much all those papers that were not hostile to him, and managed to make publishing a very expensive occupation to such as did not like this arrangement.

He is a great man, but his greatness is the product of physical rather than the more subtle force. Denmark displeased him in 1864; he struck her to the ground and crippled her for life. Austria and he disagreed; he forced her into political obscurity. France he has humiliated to a degree she can never forget. So much for outsiders.

His parliament disagreed with him in 1862; he told them to go home and he would do without them. After the French war he tried to control the Germans who did not agree with him in religious matters by force—and failed. He could turn a parliament out of doors, but he could not carry on a war against things spiritual in the same way. Socialism soon commenced to show itself, and in 1877 he passed a law giving the police extraordinary powers in dealing with people who entertained the doctrines of Lassalle. For twelve years the police vigorously broke up meetings, suppressed papers, and locked up Socialists; each year the country being told by Bismarck that no other means would cure this ill. At last, however, the people can stand it no longer, and the Emperor sees that the club of the policeman is not the proper weapon with which to attack a movement essentially intellectual. Every repressive law of Bismarck has been followed by an enormous increase in the number of Socialists; and we may go a step further, and say that every law that he has passed with the object of fostering domestic industry by protective tariffs has been followed by increased cost of living, increased dissatisfaction amongst the classes he pretends to benefit, and crown-



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK, U.S.A.
[SEE PAGE 252.]

GENERAL GEORGE LEO VON CAPRIVI, SUCCESSOR OF PRINCE BISMARCK AS CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE, AND PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS OF PRUSSIA.